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Max Lerner on Ike's Candidature

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Britain Lowers the Radio Curtain

THE government will not be shamed out of jamming Athens radio by a mere reiteration of liberal principles. It has abandoned the fundamental rule that criticism, even when abusive, is better answered than suppressed, and it is not in the least impressed by being reminded that Churchill treated Hitler's lies with contempt and was vindicated. Whitehall argues that this is an emergency situation which justifies us, for the first time in our history, in jamming foreign radio transmissions.

The situation in Cyprus, the government explains, is a special one to which the precedents of Lord Haw-Haw and Dr. Goebbels cannot apply. The Athens broadcasts go much further than anti-British propaganda: they are in part deliberate incitement (if not instruction) to murder, addressed to a terrorist group which depends on Athens for its operation orders. The cherished principle of free speech, even in domestic matters inside Britain, has never been stretched to cover the compounding of felony.

This is the case put forward by Sir John Harding when he visited London last week. This is the case which the government has now conceded to him.

To Sir John, of course, Cyprus is primarily a military problem. But this is not supposed to be the view of the British Government, which is engaged in a political struggle for influence in the Middle East. And from that point of view jamming is extremely damaging to our cause. To try to stop the Greeks from presenting their case must suggest to the outside world that our own is hopelessly weak. The Greeks can rightly retort that they do not jam our broadcasts. They can also point out that despite the animosities of recent months Athens radio continues to relay a daily news bulletin broadcast by the B.B.C. By making a British monopoly of the Cyprus air we are suggesting that the Greeks have a monopoly of the arguments.

Something similar is happening elsewhere in the Mediterranean. In Jordan, where British control of the Arab Legion is being threatened, Foreign Office equipment—manned by British technicians—is being used to jam Cairo radio. It is silly to pretend that this operation is the sole responsibility of the Jordan Government: the fact is that it is being executed by Britain at the behest of the War Office. And, in consequence, world opinion believes that, both in Cyprus and in Jordan, the only weapons left to us are military ones.

Yet we have never really attempted to fight the radio battle. The B.B.C. has been hopelessly handicapped by the systematic refusal of the Tory government to increase its estimates to meet rising costs. In consequence, throughout the Mediterranean and Middle East the voice of Britain has been growing fainter. In 1951, B.B.C. Greek-language broadcasts to Cyprus were abandoned. In 1952, publication of the *Arabic Listener*—read by Arab intellectuals from Teheran to Cairo—was suspended. In 1952, overseas broadcasts fell from 500 transmitter-hours daily to 320. As the number of Arab-controlled transmitters increases, B.B.C. services are becoming less and less effective. Last week, the government at last announced an increase in broadcasts in Arabic. But by now the political battle has been largely lost.

Here, then, is a challenge to the Labour Party. Yet last Monday, when Mr. Lennox-Boyd made his statement, the response of the Labour front bench was hesitant and ineffective. It was left to back-benchers to point out the issue involved. It is a simple one. By hesitating to take political decisions, Sir Anthony Eden is inevitably being forced into military rearguard actions. Hence policy is increasingly being formed by the generals on the spot. The jamming of Athens radio is symptomatic of this drift towards a negative and defensive policy. If the Labour Party really believes that Britain has more to defend in the Near and Middle East than a morally indefensible colonialism, then it will fight the decision to jam hostile radio propaganda just as it will fight all efforts to solve political problems by military methods.

Comments on the Week's News

Bulganin Rebuffed

Marshal Bulganin can scarcely have hoped for a positive response to his proposal for a Soviet-American treaty. Its timing alone shows that its primary purpose was to score a diplomatic point on the eve of the Washington talks. President Eisenhower has properly replied that the substance of the proposed treaty is already expressed in the charter of the United Nations, and that peace will not be made more secure by new signatures to yet another piece of paper. It is, after all, what great powers do, not what they say, that reduces or increases tension. No doubt the Russians have found grounds for suspecting American goodwill in the months since Geneva: certainly the West has been given cause for reservations about Soviet intentions in Asia and the Middle East. Yet to reply in this way is not in itself an effective answer to this Soviet initiative which, like the overtures now being made to the Socialist parties in the West, is clearly the beginning of this year's peace campaign. For it stages the debate on a platform provided by the Russians, and whatever sophisticated people in Britain and the U.S. may say about Marshal Bulganin's letter, there are millions to whom the Communist propaganda machine can present it as further proof of the Soviet desire for peaceful relations. So long as the West allows itself to be put into this negative position, it is labouring under a serious handicap. Such occasions as the Washington talks should be used to state clearly a Western programme for peace; too often, they have had to be used to patch up rifts in the Anglo-American alliance.

M. Mollet's Bad Start

Despite the huge investiture vote it received, the new French government has got off to the worst possible start. On Sunday, M. Mendès-France paid a personal call on M. Coty and explained to him that he had agreed to accept office in M. Mollet's government only to avoid an open split in the Republican Front, and that he was far from satisfied by the composition of the cabinet. Our Paris Correspondent writes that left-wing opinion in France has been shocked and dismayed by the way in which the M.R.P. have dictated M. Mollet's appointments. It was, of course, inevitable that M. Coty should have chosen M. Mollet, and not M. Mendès-France, as premier. The M.R.P. leaders had informed him that they would, in all probability, vote for the Front, but only on condition that M. Mendès-France was not its leader; M. Coty rightly saw that if he persisted in his original intention of calling on M. Mendès-France, the new government would become the prisoner of the C.P. and would be unable to work on the "alternative majorities" principle. What really dismayed the left, however, was M. Mollet's blunt refusal to appoint M. Mendès-France to the Quai d'Orsay, on the grounds that this would antagonise not only the M.R.P. but a substantial section of the "European" Socialists. Mendès-France's acceptance of a Ministry of State without portfolio means that he will play no part in either the impending Moroccan negotiations or the Algerian settlement. Yet members of the Algerian Assembly, who arrived in Paris last week, insist that Mendès-France is the only French politician who enjoys the confidence of the Algerian people; and the National Liberation Front, which is already divided on the question of negotiations, is known to be strongly critical of the new government's composition, and particularly the appointment of the aged General Catroux as Minister resident in Algiers. The General, it is true, opposed the deposition of the Sultan, but his views on Algeria have never been notably progressive, and he is very much under the influence of military opinion. Moreover, he will, in all probability, face increasing resistance from the *colons* who have now concluded a firm alliance with the Poujadistes, and who are openly talking about the formation of para-military bands to oppose a "surrender." There is little doubt that General Catroux will refuse, in the last resort, to coerce the *colons*, even if this becomes the only alternative to continuing the war. No wonder, therefore, that there is widespread despondency on the left, and that the unity of the Republican Front is now a thing of the past.

The Clerical Campaign in Malta

Last week we commented on the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Malta which referred to the forthcoming referendum. Its principal significance lay in the fact that, while it demanded written assurances from the British government about the safeguarding of Roman Catholic rights in the event of integration, it did not condemn integration in terms and still less did it lay down any religious impediment to voters in the referendum. This week we report, on unimpeachable authority, that the Roman Catholic clergy in the island are going far beyond the terms of the pastoral letter. The Bishop of Gozo has instructed all monks and priests to ask Catholics seeking confession whether they propose to vote "Yes" in the referendum. Those who say they do are, in some cases at least, being refused absolution. In accordance with canon law, Catholics who report these incidents are laying themselves open to excommunication; for the secret of the confessional is held to be binding on both parties. Last week-end parish priests were telling their congregations, most of which averaged about 2,000, that integration is against the interests of the faith and that they should vote against it. One of these sermons was delivered by the Bishop of Gozo himself to a congregation of 2,500. The Malta Labour Party and the government have been warned by local Catholic newspapers that any action by them to apply legal sanctions against priests who libel them would lead to excommunication. These are the ultimate sanctions which the Catholic church can apply. Anybody who is refused absolution remains in a state of mortal sin; and it is difficult to imagine a more ruthless political threat in a community as much under clerical influence as the Maltese are. The church is, of course, entitled to carry out any political campaign it desires. But the public, both here and in Malta, is surely entitled to demand that such campaigning should be done openly and that the discrepancy between the pastoral letter and the action which has followed it should be explained. It is up to the Archbishop now to make a further public statement on the position of the church —and to make it in time for it to be answered before the referendum.

Force and Formosa

The Sino-American talks at Geneva have, after many months, reached a deadlock. Each side now accuses the other of delaying a solution to the problem of Formosa—the pivot on which the other problems raised at Geneva have hinged —and each seems unwilling to break off the talks or go on with them. The crux of the difference lies in the Chinese argument that Formosa is an internal matter—a view which the United States refuses to accept. Peking argues that it is Washington which is at fault: it regards the U.S. treaty with Chiang, and its demand that China renounce the use of force in the Formosa Straits, as an unwarrantable interference in Chinese domestic affairs. For its part, Washington insists that it will go no further in seeking a peaceful settlement of the Formosan crisis until China renounces force as a means of recovering the island. This week, however, a new note has been struck by Chou En-lai, who has repeated his offer of last July to negotiate with "the responsible local authorities" in Formosa, and suggested that the Kuomintang should "turn over a new leaf" and permit the "peaceful liberation" of the island. Chou En-lai was not very specific about the way in which this might be done, and he spoke of preparing for liberation "by war, if necessary". He is certainly unwilling to admit the U.S. as a party to any negotiations with the Kuomintang—whom he regards as rebels rather than as a foreign power—but he may be anxious for diplomatic reasons to arrange direct and more general discussions with the Americans. Will Mr. Dulles agree to a meeting in an election year? Would it embarrass him to treat openly with the Chinese Communists, or would it help the Republicans' claim to be the party of peace through strength?

Iraqi Students Deported

The expulsion of three Iraqi students on January 20 has been justified by the government "in the public interest," though Lord John Hope did not deny on Monday that representations had been made by Iraq. It seems, in fact, that these students have been returned home in order to appease the Iraqi government, which has taken exception to their political views. If this is the case, it raises an important question. Are foreign nationals to be deported simply because they are *persona non grata* with their own governments—so long as the governments concerned are viewed favourably in Whitehall? In the past, deportation has been confined to security cases, to people who are unable to support themselves, and to aliens who have made themselves "undesirable" on moral or criminal grounds. Not one of these complaints has been openly advanced against the Iraqi students. Nor has the Iraqi government sought to extradite them in the normal way. It is intolerable if the British authorities are going to constitute themselves political policemen for any "friendly" government. There was a suspicion of this in the Cort case, and this expulsion raises the question again.

The Printing Dispute

We must again ask the indulgence of readers and advertisers for any shortcomings and delays in this week's issue. A few regular features have had to be held over, and a number of would-be advertisers disappointed.

Westminster

The Welsh at Work

Our local paper, so it is said, began its first account of a disaster with these words: "No inhabitant of Saddleworth, we are glad to report, lost his life when the *Titanic* sank in mid-Atlantic after striking an iceberg." Of course, this paper appeared on the streets almost a week after the dailies had pounded the national news to pulp; but the rigidity with which it fixed itself to a local peg seems tragically comic to this day. I thought of this again on Monday, when David Llewellyn in the "Welsh Affairs" debate reported that one of the recent talks from the B.B.C. Welsh region had been called "The constitutional position in Malta, as it affects Wales." How typical this was of Wales and other parishes, I thought; and how right, up to a point, I was.

One of the little parliamentary jokes is for an English M.P. to ask another English M.P. if he is "going to try to get in" during a Scottish or a Welsh debate; for everyone knows that the Speaker, like Canadian employers advertising jobs in the Thirties, will hang out a notice "No Englishman need apply." Nor would any English M.P. think of applying because we know that the Welsh, or Scots have this one great chance to get half a column in their local paper; and no matter how deep the personal or political feud, no M.P. will get between another M.P. and a half column in his local paper. Monday's debate seemed full of these half columns, half columns of beautiful sound, as one Welshman after another soared through his whole range from the lyrical to the lyrical, and half columns of detailed significance to anyone who was interested in the sewage at Llanrwst or the playing field at Morfa Nevin.

As an outsider I sat entranced with the music of the names of valleys and mountains which, to so many Yorkshire and Lancashire people besides myself, had meant holidays within reach of sand and sea. I sat entranced even with the music of names of valleys which, however far removed, had come to mean desolation. I was delighted with the native wit of Tom Jones of Merioneth who told Lloyd-George that he had provided Wales with a capital but that, unlike Rome, this capital had no roads leading to it; with the sharpness of George Thomas who deplored that Garner Evans should have used his ability—"not that he's got much of it"—in berating Welshmen who cannot speak their own tongue; or by the story of a Welsh Nationalist who protested that even when he wanted to vote for another Nationalist he had to use the English letter X. It was all there, the eloquence, the fun, the wit, the acerbity. There was the almost absolute refusal to engage the previous speaker in debate, so that no time should be lost in addressing the local editor.

There was, for the same reason, the almost absolute refusal to take notice of interjections, e.g., Garner Evans: "I hope that, in future, government departments like the Forestry Commission will stop grabbing the land of our little country." George Thomas: "Will you tell the ground landlords to stop grabbing it?" Garner Evans: "I'll come to them later. Now . . . as I was saying . . . this Denbigh sewerage scheme. . . ." There was also the slightly contrary fact that Tom Jones and Cledwyn Hughes, the two men officially selected to speak in the debate for the opposition had, within the week, been reported to the National Executive for engaging in Welsh activities of which their local Welsh boss did not approve. All this was fun for an Englishman sitting there on the sidelines.

Then, suddenly, I began to realise that it was not so funny after all. A shadow began to spread over the debate, a shadow from the past which projected itself into the future. Speech after speech produced evidence that Wales was more prosperous than ever before. Unemployment was less, output higher, health better than ever before. The only dispute over this was when Labour M.P.s said that the credit for it all belonged to the Labour government with its Distribution of Industries Act and its deliberate planning, while Tories said that, perhaps, Lord Portal had had much to do with it. But through the obvious delight of both sides that things were now as good as they were the fear came through that this goodness could not last. This was not just the fading memory of past evils. There were present signs, a visible man's hand coming over the horizon. There was the fear, which Dai Mort expressed so movingly for Swansea, that the tinplate industry, now doing so well, might wither at the first touch of world economic frost—and where then would men find work who only knew the tinplate industry? In the steel industry? When steel was nationalised, its controllers could think in social as well as in economic terms; but the steel industry was now being sold back to big private owners who could think only of profit and would take steel away again from South Wales as they had done once before. And if tinplate did not wither with the frost, could it still provide work for the Welsh boys now growing to manhood? In the old days, 3,800 men were needed to produce 17,000 boxes of tinplate a week. Now, with improved methods, the same number of boxes could be produced by 40 men. When these new methods were spread to every firm, as they must be, where, in their own country, would Welsh tinplate workers find work? In the industries brought into Wales because Wales was a special area? As Walter Padley showed, a House of Commons select committee only recently has hinted that the privileges, such as they were, of the old Special Areas should now be withdrawn.

Out of the sunshine, a cold shadow . . . from the midst of life, a touch of death . . . out of the parish pump a trickle which in time could sink the Titanic. By the end of the debate no one was laughing any more.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Socialism and the Health Service

DESPITE the gibes of comedians and the sneers of Tory newspapers, the National Health Service has been the most popular of Labour's post-1945 achievements. Now the Guillebaud committee has vindicated both the service and, by implication, Mr. Bevan, who as the responsible minister bore the brunt of ill-informed criticism. The committee, appointed in 1953 to satisfy Tory demands for an independent inquiry into the "alarming" cost of the service, has found no evidence at all to justify reckless charges of waste and inefficiency, and it offers nothing to those Tories who hoped for further proof of "Socialist extravagance." On the contrary, the Guillebaud report shows that the nation has been getting an excellent service rather cheaply. Indeed, it proves that there never was any good financial reason for the imposition of the special charges, and demonstrates that these charges are preventing people from getting treatment that they genuinely need.

The government, of course, is unlikely to follow the committee's logic. It will interpret the report as proof that all is more or less well with the service: if no economies can be made, at least no more money will be spent, and the present minister is certain to refuse priority to the removal of the charges on dental and optical treatment. It is equally improbable that the government will permit capital investment in hospitals to rise to £30 millions a year—a figure that the committee considers "desirable." This means that our hospitals will continue to deteriorate. The current capital allocation is only half what the committee proposes, and if a serious attempt were made to catch up on arrears of bricks and mortar alone—physical conditions in mental hospitals, especially, are becoming a public scandal—we should have to spend something like £50 millions a year on the building and improvement programme.

Given its terms of reference, the committee has perhaps done all it could by proving that there is no extravagance, and by urging the removal of the special charges, more capital for hospitals and better provision for the aged and the maternity services. Yet these limited proposals for improvement—the report also raises some administrative questions with which we are not immediately concerned—help to conceal the real state of the Health Service. It is working well and economically within the limits laid down. But it is chronically short of money; and it is not the service that the Act was designed to provide. As things are, it cannot provide all the facilities that it should, and if this report is complacently accepted, no money will be found for essential development, let alone for the establishment of the health centres. Yet these were an integral part of the original scheme. The real danger is not the one that the Guillebaud committee was intended to investigate, but its opposite. Far from being the prodigal son of the welfare state, the service is likely to become its promising but neglected child.

That is what gives such importance to the special study of the finance of the service, undertaken by Mr. Abel-Smith and Professor Titmuss. For the first time in an official report, the cost of a social service is set out in its proper context. What matters is not the apparently enormous outlay in money terms—a similar unreal scare has recently been created about the burden of pensions—but the proportion of the national income that is allocated to the service. Presented in this way, the accounts of the Health Service show that the relative cost has been falling every year since 1949.

Once this simple point is grasped, much else follows. The present method of government accounting is bound to exaggerate the true cost of the welfare state; though this may suit penny-watchers in the Treasury and give headlines to the press, it impedes a proper discussion of social policy. For a Socialist, it is essential to measure the relative claims on the national income—for health, pensions, education, and for wages, salaries and unearned incomes too. Otherwise the redistribution of income takes place in the dark, and social planning becomes a game of blind-man's-buff. If Labour propagandists can grasp this, and make the public grasp it too, then it can show how the Tories are quietly whittling away the welfare state by refusing to let spending on the social services rise with the national income. Labour can also prevent the Tories working up a scare about the "terrifying" cost of more social reforms by showing in simple terms—as it failed to do at the last election—how these can be paid for out of a rising national income.

The Indispensable Candidate

THE tragedy of President Eisenhower's sickness is deep and real, yet there is also something almost grotesque about the way in which the Republicans have pinned all their political hopes on this frail mortal vessel and hang immobilised upon his decision to run or not to run again. If he decides to run, two sentences from his January 19 press conference—the first full one since his attack—may well be used against him. "It would be idle to contend", he said, "that my health can be wholly restored". And again, "My future life must be carefully regulated to avoid excessive fatigue". The presidency, one should add, is scarcely an office whose holder can hope to "avoid excesssive fatigue".

Political opinion in America is genuinely baffled about what the answer will be to the "big question". Each Eisenhower utterance makes the pendulum of guessing swing first one way, then another. There have been so many equally confident rumours and counter-rumours that not even the "inside dopesters" (who abound even more in politics than in the rest of American life) can seem credible—because they can't pretend to know what goes on in the head and heart of a convalescing man. The President might give his answer before the middle of February, or he might conceivably wait until March. If he waits it may well be at the expense of another heart attack—for Senator Knowland is eating his heart out with rage and frustration at being kept from launching his own candidacy. He has declined nomination in New Hampshire, the first of the primaries, but he has not disowned a group which is campaigning there on his behalf and will run a slate of pro-Knowland candidates in the primary in March.

The work of the government, meanwhile, goes on under the steady hand of Sherman Adams, with the top decisions (as in the turn-of-the-year messages to Congress) being left to the President. "There is nothing in the messages", the *New York Times* observed, "to suggest that we are being governed by a coronary occlusion". Yet to a remarkable degree the normal processes of politics—and of government too—hang undecided in a limbo between the *will-he* and the *won't-he* of the decision. Until it is announced, neither the Democrats nor Republicans can be sure of either their campaign strategy or their closely linked legislative strategy. Administrative decisions tend to mark time, and foreign policy cannot be shaped with any confidence that it will be maintained.

It is a situation unparalleled in American history—a sick President who can accept or reject the eagerly tendered nomination, or who can in effect pick his successor as candidate because no one will have much chance of winning without Ike's support. Eisenhower may not be the "indispensable man" in the White House itself (Stevenson would in some ways make a better President), but he is clearly the *indispensable candidate* for the Republicans. Without him they seem doomed to wander in the desert for another four years as they did during the 20-year dry spell from 1932 to 1952. Since there are more Democratic than Republican voters, Eisenhower must use his prestige to get a major part of the uncommitted ("independent") vote and even a fair share of Democratic ones. He can be pretty sure of achieving this, since he is a widely respected and even beloved figure, whose image as a man of peace has reached to every class. That is why almost all the "wings" of the Republican Party are flapping feverishly for Eisenhower to run, except for the Neanderthal wing, which prefers Knowland. But even the Republican primitives, under Knowland, Jenner and McCarthy, might swallow another Eisenhower candidacy with only a mild choke.

It is a great personal triumph for a man to have achieved, as the sick saviour of his party's political fortunes. The party leaders came to him, in their hour of anguish and need, as if for Supreme Unction. Once they had been certain that four more years of power were in their grasp —only to have the prize all but vanish because of a mysterious "occlusion". For a time the whole nation assumed that the sick President was wholly out of the political picture, and there was a dispirited canvassing of other Republican possibilities, including the four Californians—Nixon, Warren, Knowland and Knight. Then the mood changed. The President's doctors grew more optimistic, and Dr. Paul Dudley White became a political prophet and declared he would vote for Ike a second time. Magazine articles appeared, playing down both the seriousness of a heart attack and the rigours of the presidential office. National polls of heart specialists showed that two-thirds of them thought Ike could bear the burden of another term—though this mainly proves that American medicine votes Republican. The hucksters had again taken control of Republican strategy. They even entered Ike's name in the New Hampshire primaries, and he didn't withdraw it.

There was much talk of a "regency", also called the "Commodore Group" after the New York hotel where it often meets. This included a number of pre-1952 Eisenhower backers and advisers, who are still close to him: General Lucius Clay, who formerly worked with Ike in Germany, U.N. delegate Henry Cabot Lodge, Sherman Adams, Attorney-General Brownell and Thomas E. Dewey. With the President's brother, Milton Eisenhower, these are the men with whom Ike is most likely to take counsel on personal and political matters. The Alsops reported confidently the belief of this group that the President had decided to run, and it was rumoured that Henry Luce had given his Washington staff of correspondents much the same report. If Nixon was to be ditched as a liability on the vice-presidential ticket (because he was too lightweight a figure to take over the presidency in an emergency) the report was that Eisenhower's running-mate would be Dewey, who had himself been twice a presidential candidate and was therefore of the right stature to run for Vice-President in such a context.

But these expectations might easily, in the next few weeks, prove frail and sagging reeds. The President talks with great sobriety about the difficulty of the office, about his need to avoid fatigue, about the danger of changing leadership in the midst of a presidential term. To be sure, he may speak thus as part of the camouflage of a man who wants to run again, or he may do it as a way of holding his party and Congress together as long as possible before he bows out. Either tactic is possible, and Eisenhower has shown himself far more of a political tactician than he would seem to be. As I write this the odds are again against the President's renomination, but they may change once more. The decision is still his, and anything can still happen.

Those who argue that Eisenhower would have been reluctant to try for a second term even if he had not become sick are, I think, quite wrong. I have all along felt that he wanted a second term, as indeed he had wanted the first one, and some time before the heart attack I went out on a limb to say so. The President had come to enjoy his office, along with the power of decision

Just a moment—you've still got this *street to whitewash . . .*

that went with it. He had a firm sense of party ties that grew stronger each year, and a feeling of pride at having kept his party together and given it a new popular strength. He also had a sense of mission about keeping world peace intact —and he still has.

The heart attack changed a good deal in Eisenhower's own thinking about the future. At first he must have despaired of ever trying for another four years. Yet as he grew stronger two trends of thinking may well have contended in his mind. One was the argument of some of his advisers that the whole burden of the office could be taken from his shoulders, except for the big decisions: certainly it had been true, even before the attack, that Eisenhower used the military approach to his job, with everything briefed and distilled by the staff below him until it reached him in the form of a one-page report, all the details being delegated to the chief of staff. Along with this argument there may have been the natural urge of a convalescing man to resume his work in order to show himself and the world that he had the vigour to overcome such obstacles. Roosevelt had something of the same feeling about his paralysis. Contending against this was the sober knowledge that another coronary attack might come at any time, and that it was scarcely responsible to incur such a risk for himself and the country. It has been, and still is, a lonely debate going on in Eisenhower's mind. He talks of it with dignity and detachment, and while he may be taking counsel about it—especially from his brother—no one except himself can think it through for him. The biggest single argument in favour of his running is that the Republicans will, in default of his candidacy, be sunk without trace when the nation polls in November.

I have mentioned the four candidates from California, which is so important a state because it is the fastest growing one in the nation, the second now in population, and has a tradition of politicians who had to get much of their strength across party lines. As far as Nixon is concerned, there was a chance to test the nation's confidence in him when the President was so ill that many expected he would be unable to fulfil his duties at all: at that time only a small Nixon claque clamoured for giving that too cheeky and opportunist young man a chance to sit in the White House. As for Knowland, he heads the preventive-war group and would pull only those votes: the idea of Knowland in the White House would be far worse than that of a super-huckster—it would be that of a fanatic let loose among the stockpile of H-bombs. As for Knight, few take him as seriously as he does himself.

There remains Chief Justice Warren, formerly governor of California and several times an unsuccessful contender for the presidential nomination. There is little doubt, on his record and personality, that he would make a great and even liberal president. He has a direct and rough-hewn quality, is a good administrator, and enjoys politics. The fact that he is on the Supreme Court would not in itself compel him to refuse the nomination: Hughes took it in 1916, was almost elected against Wilson, and was later reappointed to the Court as Chief Justice. But there is another factor that makes it extremely unlikely that Warren could be induced to run. His great work on the Supreme Court was in getting a unanimous Court decision in the school segregation cases. This decision has embittered the South, and has started something like a new southern rebellion. The Republican problem about Warren would not be so much the loss of the electoral votes of the normally Democratic South: the Republicans could afford to lose the few Southern States that broke away into Eisenhower's camp, and could more than counterbalance them with a heavy Negro vote in the North, which regards Warren as a hero of our time. The real problem is that Warren's candidacy would be seized upon by White supremacists in the South as proof that the Supreme Court decision had been politically inspired from the beginning, and it might jeopardise any future attempt by the Court to deal with the problem of Negro civil rights.

Thus a refusal by Eisenhower to run may well leave the Republicans with Nixon as their only recourse—or perhaps a political unknown like Governor Christian Herter of Massachusetts. All the straw polls indicate that Nixon would be beaten not only by Stevenson but also by Kefauver and Harriman, if the vote were held now. No doubt a campaign would throw all the heavy Republican resources of publicity and TV in Nixon's direction, and he might be refurbished by their aid and also the support of Ike himself. Yet it is a doubtful and bleak prospect for the Republicans.

Aside from these considerations there seem to me to be far more serious ones that Eisenhower should take into account. The presidential office has become the fulcrum of American government, the only part of the government that gives real direction to policy, and the President—certainly since Wilson and the two Roosevelts—has developed strong and direct ties with the people. If Eisenhower were to run as a semi-invalid, and get re-elected (as well he might) a precedent would be set for an inactive presidency which might damage the office itself. It is one thing to have an active, functioning presidential leader who bears the brunt of the political battles yet remains a symbol for the nation as a whole because he becomes identified with every national policy. It is quite another thing to have a President who is a sort of chairman of the board, after the structure of the business corporation, and is used either as a front-man for disguising what the "boys in the backroom" are doing or else remains in the shadows while other men carry on the active work. The presidency is no place for any man to measure out his strength carefully in a semi-retirement. I am confident that President Eisenhower will see the truth of this, and will decide accordingly.

There remains the question of the Eisenhower image and how it may still be used by the Republicans. It is the image of a great soldier who has become a man of peace, and who can therefore be trusted either for military or diplomatic decisions. But alas for the Republicans, the ineffable John Foster Dulles has done much to obscure this carefully contrived popular image of Eisenhower. The notorious current farce—the *Man on the Brink*, otherwise known as the Dulles Follies—may prove disastrous for the Republicans because it depicts American foreign policy as having been shaped by a reckless plunger who used the theory of "deterrence" to gamble with American and world destinies. But if Dulles was such a gambler, one cannot fail to conclude that either the President was one also, or else he did not know what Dulles was about. Either of these conclusions would be bound to hurt whatever candidate the Republicans will finally run. If it is Eisenhower he will have to refurbish the image of the man of peace. If it is someone else, it will be all the harder for Eisenhower to rub off on to him his own prestige as a peacemaker.

New York. MAX LERNER

London Diary

THE news that Reginald Paget, Q.C., the indefatigable member for Northampton, has flown to Kenya to pursue the Kamau Kichina case, throws light on the administration of justice in this country, as well as in Kenya. Mr. Paget's interest was aroused as a result of the report which Barbara Castle made when she returned from her "one woman inquiry" into Kenya justice sponsored, with considerable public spirit, by the *Daily Mirror*. While in Nairobi she applied to the registrar of the Supreme Court for permission to study the shorthand report of the proceedings of Kamau's case. She was told that she must produce evidence that she was an "interested party." Her application, as "an M.P. and a journalist," proved powerful enough to overcome official secretiveness and, as a result of reading the verbatim record, she was able on her return to furnish the Commons with details which shook even the complacency of Mr. Lennox-Boyd. To appease the mounting anger of the opposition, the Colonial Secretary offered to make the court record available in the Commons library. Mr. Paget has obviously spent the recess studying it. As a result he has become convinced there has been a grave miscarriage of justice in not pressing the murder charge and he has gone to Kenya to take up the argument with the Attorney-General. It is clear we have not heard the last of Kamau Kichina or of those who were associated with his death. But what interests me is this. The Commons have recently been preoccupied with another case—that of the three "pardoned" men. It was in Mr. Paget's constituency that this miscarriage of justice took place. But when he applied to the Home Secretary for permission to study the transcript of this trial, he was refused. Neither as a Q.C. nor as an M.P. was he considered to rank as an "interested" party. Nor has the record been put in the Commons library. It is surely time that the interpretation of the Criminal Appeal Act of 1907, which lays down that "a transcript shall be furnished to any party interested, upon the payment of such charges as the Treasury may fix," was made less arbitrary. At present it seems to depend on purely political considerations—or the power of a newspaper. Why should M.P.s be entitled to see the court records in some cases and not in others? And how much injustice goes unchecked when the records of what are, after all, public trials, are withheld in this way?

* * *

What does "rectification" of Israel's frontiers mean? In Egyptian and Arabic statements, it may mean erasing Israel as a state, or removing the Negev from Israel, which would cut it in half. Neither of these is what Sir Anthony Eden meant in his luckless Guildhall speech. His reference to the 1947 frontier pleased the Arabs and shocked the peacemongers, because it enabled Egypt to suggest that the British were in favour of reducing Israel to the frontiers that she had been allotted before she had repulsed the Arab attack of 1948. The Prime Minister had made no such suggestion; but if he merely meant, as the Labour Party's new statement clearly means, that the armistice frontier of 1949 should be tidied up, he should certainly have avoided any reference to the original line of partition. As for the Negev, the Jews point out that it has always been allotted to Israel; that it is they, and not their Arab neighbours, who are able or prepared to make it habitable by scientific development; and that they have often offered Egypt and Jordan the right of free transit across it. Under no circumstances, however, are they prepared to surrender it. Mr. Morgan

Phillips appears to have got into some muddle about all this when talking about the 1947 and 1949 frontiers to the press last week; and I understand why the Labour Party does not want officially to commit itself to any definition of frontier rectification. It can be said safely that every sensible Israeli (and every visitor) agrees that the 1949 frontier needs revision in the sense that there are places in which the armistice line goes through villages or cuts an Arab's property in half. That kind of adjustment certainly wants making. Anyone who saw the brilliant film called *Hill Twenty-four* will remember that the actual demarcation was done by an international commission whose job was simply to say in whose hands a particular piece of ground happened to be at a stated hour when a cease-fire was decreed.

* * *

Not quite a year ago I found myself in an extraordinary place. It was at Pilani in Jaipur, where the Birla Education Trust had started a great educational experiment. Mr. G. D. Birla is not only one of the partners of the vast business firm whose ramifications seem to spread into almost every department of industrial life in India; he is also, rather surprisingly, a devout and devoted disciple of Gandhi. One gets to Pilani in Mr. Birla's private aeroplane and one stays in a superbly comfortable palace which is smaller, but much more beautiful, than the average maharajah's. Indeed the whole huge establishment with its technical and artistic colleges, its middle school, its Montessori primary school, its experimental shops for budding engineers and all the attendant buildings, could only have been the work of a man of much imagination. Here, I thought, is the new type of maharajah, the enlightened industrial magnate who goes back to the place of his birth and there starts a useful enterprise on a scale which one could only expect from the state itself. Instead of building the Taj Mahal or keeping a harem of dancing girls, or a private zoo or whatnot, to impress his guests, the new industrial maharajah spends a few million pounds on turning a desert into an experimental educational establishment. It is his private kingdom built on the proceeds of capitalist enterprise, but it is also a public institution. As G. D. Birla took me round its beautifully equipped schools, with their hundreds of happy and well-nourished children, I could not help wondering what was in the minds of the parents in the village outside the gates. Their children look to the casual observer just about as village children commonly do look in India. I gather that, in fact, the village is prosperous, as Indian villages go, and that its standard of literacy is high. But even if this had not been true, it would have been hard to sustain a criticism of the Birla Trust for creating this magnificent experiment.

* * *

Music is one of the few subjects on which I never lay down the law in this diary. This does not mean that I am tone deaf. I know—I say it with pride—the difference between "God Save the Weazel" and "Pop Goes the King." I mention this accomplishment now because in so far as music means a lot to me, it means Mozart, and I notice, with my usually acute topical sense, that the press, which has always led the world in culture, is celebrating the 200th Anniversary of Mozart's birth. The first occasion on which I heard *Figaro* was memorable on any showing. In 1924, not so long after the revolution which abolished Austrian Emperors, it was played in the Franz-Joseph Palace where, I believe, the first performance of *Figaro* was heard in 1786. It was the ideal setting, perfect in period, small and intimate. Elizabeth Schumann sang Susanna. I have often thought of a remark made by Lowes Dickinson. He said that he thought that the two people who best understood life were Mozart and Gœthe. He added reflectively that he could never make up his mind, when he was translating Gœthe (which was his principal hobby) how far Gœthe was profoundly wise and how far he was an old bore.

* * *

"Gadget or no gadget?", I often ask myself. Life can become so dominated by labour-saving devices that it takes all one's time to have one's labour saved. However, I'm all in favour, for instance, of clocks and even egg-timers. I have felt convinced in this point ever since childhood when my mother had a German "help" who counted four minutes in four sixties under her breath instead of looking at the clock. (Your egg was very hard indeed if you succeeded in interrupting her. But she was tough and difficult to interrupt.) Similarly I approve of a gadget which I came across the other day which caused my hostess to leap from the table when the bell rang; it meant that each of the dishes being cooked had reached perfection. But, much more startling, was suddenly to hear a loud buzzing when I was talking to a friend. "What the hell is that?" I said. "Oh, that," he said, "is my watch alarm. I put it on to remind me that I have an appointment, lest, absorbed by your everlasting conversation, I should forget my higher duties." "That is quite an idea," I said. "I think I will try to get one." "It is an idea," he said, "but you had better be careful. Once it went off in the middle of the sermon at church, and there is no way of stopping it. Worst still, I am a 'hush-husher.' I object furiously when people spoil a concert by trying to talk louder than Beethoven sounds, or when a man behind me explains the plot of a play to his neighbour. Only the other day I had just vehemently 'hush-hushed' the people behind me, when at the most tense moment my alarm started to buzz its head off. I put it between my knees to smother it, but I had no reply to the 'hush-hush' which assailed my ears from the row behind me."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

"The picture is far better than I ever hoped it would be," he said. "I think he's been awfully clever with the light and shade, and it's quite obviously a Coldstream picture.

"Even though her face has to be small, you can see it's the Queen. And it's frightfully good of the horse, don't you think?"—*News Chronicle.* (N. C. Newman.)

"A bowler hat is more authoritative," said Mr. Lionel Hallows, seventeen years a meter-reader. "We don't want people to confuse us with bus drivers, guards and postmen."—*Manchester Guardian.* (C. W. Jones.)

Sir Winston Churchill walked into an Antibes restaurant for lunch today and shook the hand of an Englishman. The Englishman, Mr. James Walker, of Links View-avenue, Parkstone, Dorset, fainted.—*Daily Mail.* (Christabel, Lady Aberconway.)

Hindley District Council installed a telephone in the home of their water foreman so that he would be available in an emergency.

The foreman, through the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, asked for a 10s. rise for the inconvenience and extra responsibility that the telephone would cause.

The council have refused the request and are to have the telephone removed.—*Liverpool Echo.* (H. B. W. Richardson.)

More Equal Than Others

"The Admiralty has almost introduced equality into its officer structure. Excepting those promoted from the lower deck, all officers, irrespective of trade, will in future have equal opportunity to reach the higher ranks."—*News Chronicle.*

When baths were few for lord and lout
And even Dukes were smelly,
Napoleon's army went about,
Marching upon its belly;
He placed in every soldier's kit
(To show he was impartial)
A baton, for the Hell of it,
To use when he was Marshal.

The English, on the other hand,
Observed their proper stations;
They did not try to understand
The ways of lesser nations;
They'd taken falls from Washington
But held themselves unbeaten,
For they had won their battles on
The playing fields of Eton.

The Bourbons came and went again
(French politics were skittish);
The British viewed it all with pain
And went on being British;
With Liberty to lap their beer,
Equality they flouted:
The Rights of Englishmen were clear—
The Rights of Man they doubted.

Britannia, with her toasting fork,
No longer rules the ocean;
But Class is still the social cork
To float you to promotion.
Equality was once a crime,
But, in this happy sequel,
All men are equal all the time
Provided they are equal.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

When Justice Comes Unstuck

IN the House of Commons last week, the Home Secretary dealt coldly with inquiries about the wrongful conviction of Emery, Thompson and Powers and causing grievous bodily harm to a policeman and smugly with protests about the derisory compensation paid to them. (He called this generous.) As to the wrongful convictions, he said this: "I have the authority of the trial judge to say that had they not perjured themselves so much during the course of the trial they probably would not have been convicted." They had told a story which the judge said was palpably false, and which the jury said was false. But it had to be remembered that "one alibi, of at least one of the prisoners, was that they were not concerned in the attack on the policeman because they were in fact on the way to steal a safe in Watford." Perhaps because Mr. Lloyd-George did not say whether this was the story that was "palpably false," it has been accepted by some people as justifying the smallness of the compensation that was given.

There has in fact always been, in the Home Office attitude to persons wrongly convicted, a noticeable readiness to postulate a kind of second-class citizenship. In 1909 Adolf Beck got £4,000 for unmerited sentences totalling seven years (he was wrongly convicted twice), in 1927 Oscar Slater was awarded £6,000 for 18½ years. Many a wrongfully imprisoned man is awarded nothing. Beck and Slater were both men without criminal records but with a reputed sex-life that did not have Home Office approval. Since it is axiomatic in English law that, with the exception of law-

fully convicted prisoners during the currency of their prison sentences, all men are equal in their rights as citizens, this means that the Home Office accepts a standard of justice that is considerably inferior to that of the courts. It is in part a consequence of this that a man with one or more convictions for crime is often regarded as a second-class citizen by the police; but a more cogent reason for the police view is that the story put up by the defence is in so many cases totally untrue, and the process of putting it up involves so much humiliation and public obloquy for the police witnesses under cross-examination, that soon or later there is a lowering of standards. The man with a past becomes a man with no future: to have a conviction for crime is to be terribly vulnerable. And when he finds himself in the dock on a charge that does happen to be unfounded, he will resort to any kind of lying rather than to the truth, which, he is quite likely to have found, is unlikely to be believed and has seldom served him well. For him, evidence, alibi and perjury are synonyms.

This means that in the present atmosphere of uneasiness about police probity, about the administration of justice and about the rights of people in prison to petition the Home Secretary or write to members of parliament, there is an almost unbreakable circle of fear surrounding the sources of truth. Almost but not quite unbreakable: a petition from a prisoner occasionally gets through, by some happy accident, at the precise moment when some other incident can lift it out of the ruck. This appears to have happened in the case of Emery's petition, which came under consideration just as two other men were found to be confessing to the crime of which Emery, Thompson, and Powers were constantly protesting their innocence. But for this accident, therefore, it may well be that these three men would have completed their sentences—or have been executed if the policeman had died within a year and a day. Similarly, but for other recent petitions from prisoners, notorious and disturbing cases would not have come to light. All this suggests strongly that petitions from the prisons may well need more attention than they have been getting in the past.

It is known that the prison staff regard the prisoners' "right to petition" the Home Secretary as an invaluable safety-valve; it is useful to be able to quieten an angry and violent man by giving him a form to fill in, and half a dozen forms can prevent a riot. But what is known of the history of petitions from the prison cell to the Home Office does not encourage the belief that they are given much consideration, or indeed regarded as having any purpose other than the letting-off of steam. Adolf Beck, a completely innocent man, petitioned fourteen times during his seven years' imprisonment for a re-examination of his case, the eighth time supplying information, accidentally discovered in prison records and new to everyone, that the man whose identity had been wrongly fastened upon him was a circumcised Jew; but even this incontrovertible proof that Beck, an uncircumcised Gentile, had been wrongly convicted failed to move the Home Office. He served his full sentence. Oscar Slater, too, served his full sentence—he had been actually released on licence by the Secretary for Scotland, after eighteen and a half years in prison, when his case was reopened; but he had sent in many petitions, and his case was being vigorously pleaded by people as eminent as Conan Doyle and Ramsay MacDonald. There is never, of course, any shortage of petitions. They are put in every day, and since the Emery case they have arrived, it is said, in a flood—everyone wants to petition, for it is a commonplace that most men in prison maintain, whether they believe it or not, that they are innocent. The danger of this situation is that prisoners' petitions, instead of gaining importance in Home Office eyes by reason of natural anxiety over the Emery case, will destroy, by sheer weight of numbers, even the scrap-paper status they have now.

Nevertheless, the system needs revision, and in one particular it could be improved without further inquiry. At present a prisoner is allowed no help, not even that of a legal adviser, in preparing a petition. He must write it himself, and alone. In view of the semi-literacy of a large number of prisoners, and even in view of the requirements of natural justice, can this be necessary? One effect of it is that visitors either smuggle the solicitor's advice into the prison or teach the prisoner, by word of mouth, what he should later write down. It certainly seems possible that to allow expert help in the preparation of petitions would be to eliminate many of them altogether, since any trained or even literate person would quickly realise when a complaint or request was frivolous or impossible. A prisoner may write to an M.P. about his conviction or sentence; but the letter must not criticise prison conditions, unless he has already "exercised his right" to complain about them to a visiting magistrate or to petition the Home Secretary. The real trouble is the inordinate Home Office delay in dealing with such petitions: many months may elapse without any kind of answer. What is not generally known is that there are cases in which the Home Office, having considered a petition and found in it no scope for further official action, have nevertheless allowed the prisoner concerned to write direct to one or other of the "watch-dog" societies likely to be interested in any individual case involving injustice. From that point the correspondence goes on, sometimes daily and over a long period.

In the past few years, public confidence in the administration of justice has suffered some severe shocks, and it is not reassured by grudging admissions on the part of the government, by the fact that the truth seems too often to come from the underworld, by the preposterous amounts of compensation paid to the victims of its failures, or by what the public are bound to regard as the stiff-necked attitude represented by "pardoning" a man whom you have wronged. Major Lloyd-George said last Friday that this phrase "has the sanction of long usage, and it would be difficult to find another form of words which would be appropriate in the various circumstances in which the grant of a free pardon may be recommended. The document in which Her Majesty signifies her pleasure," he said, "is so worded as to avoid the implication that the pardon is of an offence. It states that the pardon is of a conviction and remits its legal consequences. Pardon in this sense does not mean forgiveness, but the remission of the penal consequences of a conviction." The statement shows that the Home Office is not seized of the public feeling about this matter. People are not interested in such quibbles. It is fairly generally realised that the Home Secretary cannot, as the law stands, quash a conviction: the theory is that the verdict of a jury can be set aside only by the Court of Criminal Appeal or the House of Lords. But he should be given power to refer *any* case to the Court of Criminal Appeal for the sentence to be quashed, and to release the prisoner concerned without waiting for that formality to be completed. These are steps which could be taken with little delay, and which might do something to restore confidence in the whole machinery of the criminal law.

C. H. Rolph

Impact

Though he died abruptly at the end of a rope, pronouncing me responsible for his misfortune, the people who just now keep assessing and reassessing the nineteen-thirties ought not to forget Otto Katz. No portrait gallery—rogues' gallery some would say—of the period would be quite complete without the putty-coloured visage of that most talented propagandist and intriguer.

Pretty soon every schoolboy will think he knows all about that decade, certified as having been full of starry-eyed do-gooders with pink illusions which, when noon went dark, blew up in their faces and turned them a neutral grey or else deep blue. Not so much, probably, will be heard of the late Katz—a man, nevertheless, reeking of 85 per cent. proof *Zeitgeist*, and producing some pervasive practical effects upon events. Manuals of journalism, for schools, should have a bit about him too.

He sidled into my life in Amsterdam in the blazing summer of 1932, when he was acting as a kind of assistant director of the great anti-war congress of that year.

After the closing session, I found myself at midnight sweating horribly in an hotel bedroom where Mr. John Strachey, Mr. Gerald Hamilton, a vigorous Hungarian woman, and myself were translating the official German text of the congress manifesto into English which must be, all agreed, as jolly popular in style as the *Daily Mirror* and as rigidly exact as the Athanasian Creed. Just how I got into the act I cannot remember, and it certainly was exhausting.

The Hungarian woman knew German so much better than the rest of us that she concluded she must know English better, too, and made this clear. Mr. Hamilton, whose natural prose-style was Edwardian, became so discouraged that he took off his wig and sat silently nursing it on his knee, his head gleaming like a new-laid egg. Mr. Strachey seemed near to tears of vexation at the stubborn ineptitude of everyone else.

Every so often, a grave smile and a light sigh floated in from the corridor, both brought to us by a smallish, light-footed man with a big head and abnormally broad shoulders hunched in a way to suggest that his burdens were indeed heavy, but he could bear them, and yours, too, if you cared to confide them to him. His smile said that whatever might be the faults of others working for peace that night, our little group was the salt of the earth—so brilliant and devoted that we should certainly produce splendid results, dead on time, if it killed us. He had the air of a stage manager going round the dressing rooms of a troupe on the verge of hysteria.

When I asked who he was, they said "You don't know who Otto Katz is? Oh."

After the sleepless night, he invited me to drink brandy with him on the terrace, and we talked about the congress. I spoke with enthusiasm. He ascertained that I had been, until recently, a correspondent of *The Times* in the United States. Presently he went about his business, which, as it turned out, was to prepare and issue to the continental news agencies an interview with "the distinguished former foreign director of *The Times*," who heartily endorsed all objectives of the congress, and had some sharply disobliging things to say about the British Government.

I protested to Mr. Katz, demanding corrections and denials of the story. People, I said, would think Wickham Steed had turned Red in the night. He said: "But as a sincere supporter of our cause and experienced journalist, you appreciate that any retraction could be damaging to the excellent effect already obtained. *The Times* will

doubtless issue any denials necessary. It will all help to stimulate discussion."

"But it's preposterous to describe me like that."

"I felt the phrase made a clearer impact. In journalism," he said, fluttering his hand in a stagy gesture, "one should try for clarity of impact."

His stagyness had a basis in experience. He had worked in various capacities for provincial theatres in northern Bohemia. Almost the only way to anger him was to doubt his story that at some time during that period he had briefly been married to Marlene Dietrich. You could abuse him with impunity, but, if you doubted that, he became passionate, challenging you to go to Teplice, or wherever it was, and examine the records.

Along some political or journalistic channel—it was certainly a career open to talent—he had moved into the tumultuous Berlin *entourage* of the late Willi Muenzenberg, whom many people took to be the main dynamo of the German Communist Party. Whatever may be the truth about all that, Muenzenberg—who claimed to be an illegitimate nephew of Kaiser Wilhelm II—had made a vital impact upon the political life of Europe. He had snatched the journalism of the extreme Left from the hands of the pedants, insisted that a modern revolutionary newspaper could be as "popular" in today's terms as an old-time revolutionary broadsheet, and that the technical tricks, skills, and "appeal" of the stunting, pandering, sensation-mongering capitalist press were to be not despised, but learned. His success, particularly with the picture paper AIZ, which for a time was the largest circulation weekly in central Europe, had important consequences in Italy, France and Latin America. Muenzenberg's offices in the Wilhelmstrasse, across the way from the Foreign Office, were also the centre of those numerous international organisations — the League Against Imperialism for example, which, while the Communists supplied the inspiration and driving force, did at moments of crisis rally many sorts and conditions of non-Communists and anti-Communists who wanted to get moving and found no other bus going their way.

In all this, Otto Katz was first the pupil, later the right-hand man and, ultimately, it was often asserted, the inspirer of Muenzenberg; he was certainly the chief engineer of the Muenzenberg machine. After Hitler moved in on both sides of the Wilhelmstrasse, Katz, who now called himself André Simone, operated from a series of headquarters in Paris. He padded about Paris, Geneva, London, New York and Chicago, exercising and developing an almost necromantic capacity for getting people who naturally loathed and suspected one another organised for joint action. The nature of the—so to speak—material he worked on seemed not to interest him greatly: he was happy welding mutually hateful novelists and poets into a literary league for the defence of this or that, as he was when arranging for a couple of Tory Lords and someone from Transport House to turn up on a platform with the editor of *l'Humanité*. The more improbable the *combinaison*, the more it charmed him. Indeed, after a visit with him to the United States, the Roman Catholic Prince Loewenstein remarked that, though prepared for anything, he had, after all, been startled when he saw Herr Simone-Katz "genuflect three times and kiss the ring of a cardinal to whom he then presented a Marxist professor just out of jail in Rio de Janeiro."

All this time Katz was busy, too, as a very sharp-shooting press agent and public relations counsellor for the organisations in which he was interested. Almost weekly he brought off the tricky shot of planting a damaging anti-fascist story in a pro-fascist newspaper, and under his original impulse his stories ran about the world like snooker-balls. They certainly had "impact." He regarded journalism simply as a means to an end, a weapon. In this I found him sympathetic. Long before, in New York and Washington, I had come to the conclusion that the real humbug of the press begins only when newspapers pretend to be neutral, impartial fact-purveyors, "servants," so help me, "of the public."

Arriving in Paris from Spain unexpectedly one day during the Spanish War, I telephoned Katz at the office of the *Agence Espagne*, the news agency of the Republican Government which he organised and directed. As was usual when one telephoned any office run by Katz, an excited voice said "Si, si, mais s'il vous plaît be so good speak deutsch bitte schoen momentito," and then Katz came on the line shouting "Thank God you're here, come at once, urgent." He plunged immediately into business. "Have I ever told you that you are considered by many, myself included, the best journalist in the world?" "Often, when you wanted something." "Well, what I want now is a tip-top, smashing, eyewitness account of the great anti-Franco revolt which occurred yesterday at Tetuan, the news of it having been hitherto suppressed by censorship." I said I had never been in Tetuan and knew of no revolt there. "Not the point at all," he said impatiently. "Nor have I heard of any such thing." The point, he explained, was that a crucial moment had been reached in the supply of arms to the battling Spanish Republicans.

Occasionally, despite non-intervention, the government of Leon Blum, under pressure from the Left, agreed that all concerned should shut both eyes tight while military supplies were rushed across the Catalan frontier. At this moment a major battle was being mounted in Spain. On the frontier a big consignment of field guns was ready. The outcome of the battle might depend on its getting through. Next morning a strong deputation of Communist deputies and others was to call on Blum, asking for a little shut-eye. Blum, naturally, was always more malleable when anything happened to suggest that Franco might, after all, lose the war. It was thus essential, Katz pointed out, that a jolt of that kind should be administered now. Something with a clear psychological impact. What better for the purpose than news of a sudden revolt against Franco at the very origin and source of his first onslaught, Spanish Morocco? Why not, for instance, Tetuan? That, he said, would have impact.

There seemed to be just a chance, and we worked on that story at a high pitch of anxiety and excitement. Our chief anxiety was that, with nothing to go on but the plans in the guidebooks, which were without contours, we might have democrats and fascists firing at one another from either end of an avenue which some travelled night-editor would know had a great hump in the middle. The fighting, accordingly, took place in very short streets and open squares. As we saw it, an important feature of the affair was that sections of the Moorish soldiery, sickened by losses in Spain, had joined with civilian victims of colonial oppression and Spanish anti-fascists in united, if desperate, action. It meant that the same thing might happen in Spain itself. Katz was insistent we use a lot of names, of both heroes and villains, but express uncertainty over some of them—thus in the confusion of the struggle outside the barracks it had been impossible to ascertain whether the Captain Murillo who died so gallantly was the same Captain Murillo who, a few months ago in Madrid. . . .

In the end it emerged as one of the most factual, inspiring, and at the same time sober pieces of war reporting I ever saw, and the night editors loved it. When the deputation saw Blum in the morning he had been reading it in newspaper after newspaper, and talked excitedly of the significance of the revolt in Tetuan. He was receptive to the deputation's suggestions. The guns got through all right, and the Republicans won that battle.

I saw little of Katz after that. During World War II he was in Mexico, afterwards returning to Prague, where, after a couple of years, the Communists hanged him as an enemy agent. He confessed, stating that he had been led astray and recruited by Colonel Claud Cockburn, an organiser of western intelligence services. I have often wondered what was the impact he intended to achieve with that one.

CLAUD COCKBURN

The Funeral

WHEN M. Vittel stepped forward in the cemetery to make his speech of farewell, everyone present must have been startled by his allusion to the last elections in the town. Startled, and then must have remembered the bitterness of M. Vittel and his friend Lenormand, there in the coffin now, after their defeat at the polls two years ago.

It was undoubtedly their own fault. If they had been content to remain deputy mayors, faithful stand-ins for the Mayor, their re-election would have been assured. Not that our dynamic, dapper Mayor is particularly popular; but it is generally recognised that his many influential connections in Paris, where he spends most of his time, are a major asset to the town. To oppose him at council meetings is one thing, approved up to a point by a number of us. To depose him at municipal elections is another thing, approved by few. And that is what Messrs. Vittel and Lenormand had attempted.

M. Vittel is an earnest, bespectacled, solid bourgeois long established in the town, as his pharmacy in the main street, with its gold-lettered jars and herbal remedies, testifies. He is always ready to make a speech, provided he can write it well in advance, and is president of almost every club and society in town, from the Beekeepers' to the Philatelists'. Not that he collects stamps or keeps bees; he collects presidencies. And, knowing his weaknesses, the founders of any new society used to ask him to honour it with his presidency, fully aware of his influence in obtaining a room free at the town hall for its meetings. Until the last elections, M. Vittel was the most prominent citizen in name and civic function for most of the year. It must have been particularly galling for him, a sound believer in his own importance, to be swept aside from time to time by the whirlwind presence of the Mayor. One could—and a number of people did—understand his attitude and sympathise with his frustrated feelings.

The more elderly M. Lenormand, the second deputy-mayor, who was still managing his builder's business, did not at all mind the Mayor coming to preside over fashionable gatherings during the summer season, and was quite content for M. Vittel to make all the speeches during the winter. But if there was one thing that annoyed both him and his friend it was having to conduct the civil marriage ceremonies of all the couples of little social importance, yet seeing the Mayor come down from Paris whenever someone with influence got married. Perhaps M. Lenormand's main objection to the Mayor, however, was his lightning procedure. M. Lenormand conducted his business, which he had patiently built up over

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fifty years, like a true Norman: in his head, and over a slow round of drinks in cafés. Committing a decision to paper was to be deplored, or was at least an action to be dallied over, discussed first in all its aspects between talking about the weather and the disastrous yield of cider apples. For 25 years tubby M. Lenormand had served on the council, and that was how affairs had always been conducted; in a sane, orderly, intelligent manner, *bien pesé*. And then the Mayor had come to direct the councils of the town; gesticulating, energetic, direct, a man for whom time does not stand still. Why, between after dinner and midnight the whole accumulated agenda of a quarterly council meeting is now dealt with, finished, *expédié*. "I keep telling him," old M. Lenormand would say, "don't rush things—*il ne faut rien brusquer*."

In order to compete officially against the Mayor at the elections, M. Vittel and his ally needed a list of 21 candidates, the same number as seats on the council. A week after the election campaign had been declared open by the Préfet, as though it were the shooting season, M. Vittel and M. Lenormand could be seen calling at houses here and there, the one walking with long deliberate strides, the other trotting along like a faithful hound. They were not, it was learnt, going round canvassing, but were still trying to complete their list.

The Mayor, facing up to this threat with his usual efficiency, had presented to the electors a list composed of the best ingredients in the life of the town. There were even two women among the candidates; but the real masterly touch was the inclusion of the other chemist, the one commercial competitor of M. Vittel. The Mayor had not over-estimated the tenacity of his opponents, for on the eve of polling day a second list was deposited at the town hall—the "List of Independent Republicans for Local Prosperity" headed by M. Vittel, *adjoint sortant, docteur en pharmacie, et président de nombreuses associations*. But its tail end was long and weak. "Why," we exclaimed among ourselves, "most of them can't even manage their own affairs properly, let alone those of the town." Nevertheless, their defeat was more crushing than had been expected. The eighteen candidates who obtained the number of votes necessary for election all belonged to the Mayor's list. He himself had second place in the poll, the highest number of votes being cast for the chemist.

M. Vittel was obviously deeply affected. Perhaps it was not so much his defeat—the number of votes he personally obtained was only just below the minimum for election—as the manner of it that caused him to compose a bitter address to the electors and to have it printed. "Messrs. Vittel and Lenormand and their co-listers heartily thank those who voted for them," we read on the posters. "It is regrettable, however, that the years of unselfish devotion to the interests of the town by the two deputy-mayors were not considered as making them worthy of re-election. It is a poor comment on prominent citizens who. . . ." There was a lot more in this strain, over which we hurriedly cast an eye, until interest was again aroused by the conclusion that "as the electors were so obviously ungrateful and misled, the List would not put forward candidates for the three remaining seats at the supplementary elections." M. Vittel withdrew from the fray not perhaps with dignity but certainly leaving a vague impression that it was to our ultimate loss and his gain. During the following weeks he was seen but rarely about the town, and then walking with long measured strides, darkly clad and dignified, intent on the movements of his feet, as though following his own funeral—or was it ours?

Such was his bearing on this day, nearly two years later, as he walked in the crowd behind the hearse carrying M. Lenormand. It was a large, almost a record crowd of mourners, all of whom could only have been present through genuine feelings of sympathy and respect. The first vicious cutting wind of winter had kept away the merely curious and the morbid. After the church service our ranks were increased by some agnostics and anti-clericals for the final procession to the cemetery, and there, by the open grave, we listened respectfully but with some impatience, huddling together against the Siberian blast, while the local president of the builders' association read the first farewell speech, extolling Lenormand's merits and recalling his career from adolescence and apprenticeship onwards.

Then had M. Vittel stepped forward, sheet of paper in hand. "And all your record of public service," he was saying a minute or two later, with another gesture towards the coffin, "all your service led but to a rejection of you at the last municipal elections. This bitter blow, this unjustified rebuff," he continued, turning to the crowd of mourners, "may well have hastened his death." There was no escape. In such circumstances, no orator could be surer of his audience. M. Vittel had us. "And to think," he went on implacably, "that the many people here now, accompanying you to your final resting-place, would have been more than enough by their votes to have re-elected you."

At last we were able to file past the Lenormand family and offer them our condolences. In many cafés, over rounds of steaming grog, M. Vittel's outburst was discussed; but with grudging admiration. It now appears that M. Vittel has a considerable chance of being successful at the next council elections, if he cares to stand.

LEN ORTZEN

MIND

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The Arts and Entertainment

Transatlantic Exchanges

WHILE British television spends dollars on the import of rubbishy canned thrillers and westerns —the latter being, perhaps, the less objectionable of the two—American networks and sponsors do something to redress the sterling balance by putting on British plays. In one recent week, American viewers could see Emlyn Williams's *The Corn is Green*, Barrie's *Dear Brutus* and *Peter Pan* (to which fifty-five million people switched on) and Noël Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. *Time* reports that there were objections to the use of such words as "hell" and "damn" in this play; but that *Peter Pan* was "certain to offend no one of any age, sex, race or religion". (How about any taste?)

This suggests some of the difficulties confronting those who select the plays for American programmes. Despite the canned imports, British viewers still seem to have rather more adult standards. A recent B.B.C. play, *The Weeping Madonna*, by Iain MacCormick, was much praised by viewers and critics, and on the whole deserved the praise: its unusual theme was sketchily worked out at some points, but the performances of one or two of the priests investigating an alleged miracle in an Italian village, and of Sandra Alfred as the young crippled girl whose statue wept when she talked to it, were memorable. There were, indeed, a few protests from the pious and touchy, but the B.B.C. had prudently obtained an eminent friar's *televideatur*, if that is the word. Would the spokesmen of the hierarchy in America have been so liberal?

One of the most agreeable of living transatlantic imports is Mr. Bob Hope; and the prestige of American comedians as unofficial "ambassadors" is such that the B.B.C. was able, for his cabaret appearance in aid of charity, to disregard the rule by which television finishes pretty promptly at 11 p.m. If the commercial TV chiefs were able to spare an hour from their night of the long knives, they must have gasped to see the B.B.C. putting on, at this time of night, light entertainment of the kind that they specialise in. At 11.15 a scantily clad strong-woman, Miss Joan Rhodes, was bending steel bars in her teeth and tearing up telephone directories. At 11.25 Miss Yana was crooning. At 11.35 Mr. Hope was still fooling around: in order to be able to put out this show at all, the B.B.C. had had to announce that he was appearing by permission of Associated TeleVision; and he teased all concerned by plugging a number of firms and products by name and by indulging in some slightly un-B.B.C. humour.

One of Mr. Hope's wisecracks was thought-provoking: it satirised the prevalence in America of the quiz-giveaway programme. A schoolteacher, he said, asked a small boy to name the first President of the United States. "For how much?" said the boy.

Not all quiz programmes have such undesirable social consequences: *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?* for instance. Last week's edition was the occasion of yet another transatlantic exchange, in which the old country knocked the new world clean out. Dr. Glyn Daniel came back to chair it, in cracking form and without a trace of the toxic condition which had upset him, the press, and the nation a fortnight earlier. The challengers —the National Gallery of Art, Washington—were no match for the panel of experts.

These were Mr. Trenchard Cox, Sir Gerald Kelly and Professor Ellis Waterhouse. They gave a remarkable demonstration of detective acumen—racing through each test in turn (so that Dr. Daniel stopped scoring and the programme ended several minutes early), identifying every picture correctly from the photograph of a small section of it shown to them and, eventually, sitting back in amiable contempt, shouting the artists' names in chorus, "one-two-three . . . *Vermeer*," and generally behaving, as Dr. Daniel observed to the viewers, "like delighted children."

Only Sir Gerald was stumped once—by a Raphael—and then his "of course it is," when his error was pointed out, was obviously genuine. Once, again, Dr. Daniel had to say, apologetically, that the experts' answer differed slightly from that supplied by the Washington gallery. Professor Waterhouse explained that the gallery was, of course, wrong. (He was the one who always knew which duke a picture had once belonged to.) It was excellent entertainment—though the programme would become monotonous if the experts always had such a walkover as this.

The continuing popularity of this B.B.C. programme is one of the more hopeful phenomena of television. Not only does it encourage viewers to look with care at objects, beautiful, strange, or ordinary: it also creates a new class of public hero (Sir Gerald, Dr. Daniel, Sir Mortimer Wheeler) certainly more deserving of veneration than the average idol of screen or panel, since their expertness is clearly the result of intelligence and lifelong study rather than of luck, intuition, or superficial glamour.

TOM DRIBERG

The National Theatre

WHEN recently I trailed my coat in these columns for the National Theatre I was not entirely surprised to receive only one letter in support. The National Theatre appears today to be a cold cause, and I think I understand the reasons. What, it is widely felt, would it give us except more or less what we have already got, housed in a different place under a different name? Excellent thing as it would be to have a mechanically up-to-date, fully equipped, theatre in this country, have we in fact the talent available to run a National theatre adequately without thinning to a disastrous extent our present classical theatre? Wouldn't we in fact simply be combining the Old Vic and Stratford and moving them to another building? A National Theatre, in fact, might be an agreeable luxury, but it is hardly at the moment a necessity.

These, of course, are not arguments against the National Theatre, the case for which remains compelling in logic. But they are the reasons why enthusiasm remains lukewarm. Yet, though I sympathise with them, I still believe that it is a good time to try to rekindle that enthusiasm; there was surely no time so propitious. We have now, however reluctantly, accepted in principle the necessity for state institutions. Then, there is at the moment a larger audience for good theatre than perhaps there has ever been in this country. This is demonstrated both by the attendances at Stratford and the Old Vic, and also by the success which attends any really well put on season of classical revivals such as Tennents have been in the habit of giving us from year to year.

Then again the long dark night of puritanism in which for so many years the theatre has lived as the bad sister, faintly disreputable, is all but over. We can judge this, I think, from the fact that even the most conventional schools now recognise the putting on of plays as a desirable educational activity—and this, for those whose education lies some forty years behind them, is a minor revolution. The Theatre is, in short, at last on the point of gaining general recognition as an activity no less life-enhancing than literature or music or painting. On its highest level it is an art; on the workaday level it is a valuable craft. Even at its most trivial it is no more frivolous than the paper-covered 'tecs and Westerns, the crooner's songs or the water-colours in the stationers' shops.

Yet, though this would be generally accepted in principle it is not recognised in practice. The theatre has not the same standing as its sister arts. By its nature the most ephemeral of them all, it is the one which most needs some sort of institutional life to keep itself as it were perpetually on show. Instead of that its way of organising itself serves only to emphasise its ephemerality. It has a body of literature of its own and a body of practice; but it is broadly true to say that these survive only in the memories of the faithful. It is fantastic that we have in London no National Repertory of any kind. Consider the parallel from music. How ludicrous we should think it if a new symphony by Vaughan Williams were given a "run" at the Festival Hall for as many nights as it could fill the auditorium, and were then taken off and never played again in London; so that those who might want to hear it again or who missed it on its run could, at best and with luck, only do so at some provincial hall, played by a second-class orchestra. Yet we accept this as the natural way of things in the theatre.

Yes, I may be told, but that is to take the short view. Time may be trusted to sort out the masterpieces; the really good doesn't die. I dare say, but I am not thinking so much of the masterpieces, the works which are destined to become classics. No doubt they can look after themselves. I am thinking of the work which has enough vitality in it to remain alive for forty or fifty years—and that comprises the majority of the work done in any art, and it is not to be despised. But our theatre at the moment doesn't give its good work even that span. It gives it at the most four or five years and then flings it on to the scrap heap. This is one of the reasons why the theatre always seems to be in a bad way; it is so prodigally wasteful of the material it does get. We get from it no sense of the drama as a living form accumulating its stocks and sorting them and re-sorting them as literature does. Their "run" finished, the plays, good, bad and indifferent slide away into the same oblivion and may very likely never be heard of again. A few perhaps will be picked up again forty or fifty years on, as we might now turn over the plays of Granville Barker or Galsworthy, and wonder if they had a chance of "going" now. Fifty years may well be just too long; by then the vitality may have drained out of them. But what a waste meanwhile of material that was alive and kicking for at least half of that time!

If we cannot have the full National Theatre, cannot we at least have a half of it, a National Repertory Theatre with the special duty of keeping alive the modern repertoire (the term modern might well cover the last seventy-five years)? There are plays of Shaw which I have never had the chance of seeing on the stage. And how very much I should like the opportunity of seeing *Madras House* faithfully performed; while I am convinced that Galsworthy's plays, many of them, are far from dead yet. Does nothing survive from all those plays put on between the wars? Take four plays highly praised by James Agate, *Musical Chairs*, *Time and the Conways*, *After October*, *The World of Light*. They may not be masterpieces, but are they really as completely valueless as their absence might make one think? We shall probably never know, since none of them except the Priestley has been or is likely to be revived. There is no machinery for doing so.

All we do is to consign to the same limbo of the unperformed the works that have lately given us pleasure and refreshment, and presumably could still do so for at least a measure of time. It is sad to think of them as virtually dead, this interesting assortment, created with passion, wit and imagination. And of course they are not. Their characters are there waiting in the wings to be re-created, the Redbrick professor, the psychiatrist with this libation, the mysterious inspector, the general

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who slew the innocents, the billeted captain, the catholic aunts, the father fighting for justice, the Cardinal who hated his mother and the autumnal Duke. And they, of course, are only a tithe of our losses. For there are their American, French, Scandinavian, Italian and Russian equivalents jostling one another in the same corridors. Riches of pleasure, and all wasted!

T. C. WORSLEY

Oh Salzburg! Oh Vienna!

MOZART always hated Salzburg, and if he has been listening in to the celebrations of his 200th birthday he will have found small cause to change his mind. On the solemn evening the Vienna State Opera presented in the Salzburg Festspielhaus, and the radio disseminated all over Europe, a revival of *Idomeneo* which was a travesty of the composer's intentions.

The music, we were told, had been "specially edited for this occasion by Bernhard Paumgartner." Ominous phrase! No one denies that in preparing so lengthy an *opera seria* for the modern stage considerable cuts are necessary; Mozart himself made a few at the original Munich rehearsals of 1781, and several more at a concert performance which was privately organised five years later in Vienna. The Abbé Varesco's libretto, though allowing the composer more variety and scope than was usual, is unquestionably a long-winded and provincial piece of work; moreover, the part of the youthful hero, Idamante, was written for a castrato, and various problems of adjustment are bound to arise when it is performed by a tenor. But the excisions, alterations and additions made to Mozart's text by Dr. Paumgartner, who is a well-known Salzburg musician, pass all reasonable bounds.

His prime object seems to have been to reduce the long, rich score to just over two hours' playing time. The first two acts were crudely telescoped with a fine disregard of key-sequence; but it was in the splendid third act that the most striking butcheries occurred. Hardly anything was completely spared by this modern Herod; even the famous quartet, called by Professor Dent "perhaps the most beautiful ensemble ever composed for the stage," lost nine of its bars; as for the mangling of the final scenes, it was so thorough as to be almost comical. From the High Priest's demand for a sacrifice we jumped forward half an hour or so—across six numbers in the score—to Electra's furious exit-aria (No. 29 in the Köchel-Einstein numeration), which is supposed to result from her jealous rage at the happy ending decreed by divine intervention; on what pretext, therefore, she was made to storm out of this performance heaven only knows. Thence we returned to Nos. 25 and 26, the F major march and the wonderful prayer in the same key for Idomeneo and the intoning chorus of priests. Next we switched still further back to an oddly truncated version of No. 24, the people's anguished C minor chorus, "O voto tremendo," with the High Priest's solo passage freely (and illiterately) re-composed because his part had been changed from tenor to bass, apparently on the simple-minded theory that all high priests are bass by nature. After that, by way of the brief D major choral outburst announcing Idamante's victory over the monster, we skated rapidly over thin ice to the end, ignoring Mozart's emotional and tonal framework, merrily altering his cadences and modulations, and at one point blandly transposing into the minor key an orchestral phrase written in the major. Thus does Austria honour her famous dead.

The Viennese performance was little better than the Salzburg edition. Dr. Karl Böhm, who has often in the past shown himself a good Mozartian, on this occasion accompanied in so lumbering and shapeless a style that one could hardly believe him familiar with the score—and much of it must indeed have been new to all but Dr. Paumgartner. None of the principal singers was adequate. The men were by turns heavy and vague, Rudolf Shock in particular offering the merest sketch of Idomeneo's big display aria in Act II. Christl Goltz extracted a round of applause for her final aria; but her singing was elsewhere so clumsy that one could not regret the omission of her G major aria or the substitution (if I am not mistaken) of another and smoother voice in the lovely lyrical stanza allotted to Electra in the middle of the chorus, "Placido è il mar." The part of Ilia (of which Vienna possesses a peerless exponent in Sena Jurinac) was entrusted to Gerda Scheyrer, who showed an agreeable tonal quality, but got sadly out of her depth in the simplest scale passages and hadn't the ghost—not the flimsiest pretence—of a trill. How, I often wonder, do these eminent but trillless sopranos manage to avoid blushing, in the presence of their instrumental colleagues, when they arrive at one of those frequent eighteenth-century cadences which, without a trill, make no sense? How indeed do they get through their student days without acquiring this necessary accomplishment? Do their teachers simply "omit" the shake, as Miss Prism proposed to omit the chapter on the Fall of the Rupee, on the ground that it is "somewhat too sensational"?

The one thing that was unquestionably right about this sad *Idomeneo* was the idea of doing it. Mozart is said to have loved it above all his works, and it is not hard to guess why. Not of course because, for all its beauties, he can have thought it the equal of *Figaro* or *Don Giovanni;* but because it was the first large-scale explosion of his genius, because it was thereafter almost totally forgotten, and because it pointed, like some of his later concert arias, especially those for bass, towards the great masterpieces he had it in him to compose. Goethe thought he was the man to set *Faust* to music; and surely, given a normal span of life, he would have found some further occasion to treat in the theatre the most tragic and exalted themes. The notion that by 1791 his work was in any sense "complete" is sentimental humbug. In the current Mozart Bicentenary Exhibition at the British Museum can be seen the composer's own thematic catalogue, entitled in his own hand: "Verzeichnüss aller meiner Werke vom Monath Febrario 1784 bis Monath 1 ." Not "17 ", observe, but "1 ". Thus, in a catalogue which contains fourteen more pages all ruled and ready for additional entries, but never used, Mozart had already made provision for the music which he expected to write in the *nineteenth* century. Nothing can bring home to us more sharply than that blank space the blind absurdity of his early death.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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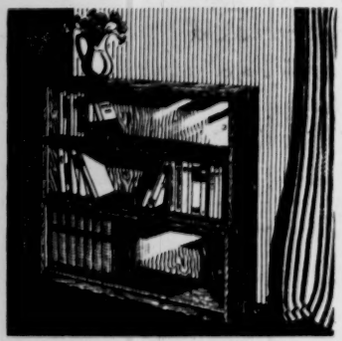

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"Helen of Troy," at Warner's

"Free Cinema," at the National Film Theatre

Helen is quite a pretty little thing, blonde Italian with a flawless American accent. Paris seems to come from there, and is a *brave garçon,* though with speech English to the tongue tip. They meet on a beach near Sparta, whereon he has been washed up strapped to a mast, and she has wended on holiday, finding the court too boisterous. She covers him with a bit of sail while the King's men look round, and when he wakes, passes herself off as her own slave. So love is born. But it can't be pretended that this love has even the flickers of Bel Ami and his salon ladies, whom we encountered last week.

For one thing they're a couple of boobs. Their converse—you can't call it anything else—takes place in such an atmosphere of clichés that in the end it strikes even them. One suggests that he (or was it she?) finds the whole thing rather "ethereal." "We'll soon change that," comes the laughing answer, followed by a swift kiss; but they don't really. They go on in the old stuffy way. You would hardly believe, to look at or listen to them, that the one's mother had thought she was being delivered of a firebrand, and the other's father was a swan.

Not that it's really their fault. The others are just as bad—some worse. Priam would make Polonius the heart and soul of any party, Sparta tries to live up to some football changing-room, Cassandra is a governess who has found the holidays unnerving. They snatch at clichés from anywhere: "You're not being very Spartan today, are you?" "What a lot of ships—there must be quite a thousand!" "Achilles, be careful of that heel!" "This is no war of aggression" In fact, anyone who had the misfortune to have to *read* this *Helen of Troy* would shriek out for the felicities of Leaf, Lang, and Myers.

To look at, apart from the woodenness of most of the characters, it is a good deal livelier. Fierce nosed barks cleave the waters, champions batter one another with gauntlets, Troy on its plain shows up grimly like Aigues-Mortes, the Greeks distantly encamp and the Trojans man the walls, the slow massive advance with towers drawn by oxen, ladders, battering rams, catapults, begins. Battle brings the film on a wide screen to life. Good old welter! The spear enters the side, the arrow transfixes the neck, and now and then we distinguish one side from t'others by the fact that the Trojan *élite* fancy Cambridge blue. Not that, for a moment, these scenes can compare with any of the masterpieces of the genre: Griffith's Babylon or Olivier's Agincourt or the forays of Seven Samurai. But still they do stir the blood.

From Feb. 5-8 the British Film Institute will be showing to members and associates a programme of films made under their auspices. The films are "free" in the sense—one that a writer, for example, might take for granted—that they were made just as their makers wished. Films already shown to the press included *Momma Don't Allow,* a piece of Mass-Observation in a North-London dance club, by Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson, that breaks the ice into English life. This will form part of the programme mentioned. I urge all who can to visit *Free Cinema.*

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE CYPRUS TRAGEDY

SIR,—Why does the Colonial Secretary treat the House of Commons as if it cannot be trusted with even the most general outline of the Cyprus talks and refuse to take members into his confidence on the points of difficulty? Members have only to fly to Cyprus, as some have done during the recess, to find that any capable reporter in a Nicosia bar knows the main points of discussion and the gist of the remaining difficulties. In the House, members have allowed themselves to be dangled on a long string on the grounds of secrecy requirements during negotiations while a policy is formulated for the basis of those negotiations, which they have no share in making or chance to criticise. Members who have recently returned from the island are increasingly suspicious of this alibi, which completely castrated the Cyprus debate of December 5 and the discussion following the statement on December 21.

On the latter day the House was told that "while discussions are going on of an extremely delicate nature it would be bad in the extreme prematurely to disclose them." But in Cyprus members found that no negotiations with the Archbishop took place between November 21 and January 9. Again, last Thursday, the Colonial Office statement contained no real information at all. It is, at least, rather unfairly expensive that members should have to fly again to Cyprus to discover the government's attitude towards the very considerable, almost dangerous (from his prestige point of view), concessions which Archbishop Makarios has made. One cannot help feeling that if the government were adopting a generous policy, the Colonial Secretary would not be so shy about it.

The objection to announcing terms is often that any modification then becomes public and humiliating. The desperate situation in Cyprus is beyond such niceties. Concessions can be regarded as conciliatory and an encouragement to the negotiators. The Cypriots badly need to know that the government is prepared to move nearer to the Archbishop's modified position. The preliminary formula for a joint declaration is so near agreement that it would be criminal folly to lose it. If we put the Archbishop in a position of irretrievable failure, there will be nobody to talk to and violence will take the place of argument on a scale that will make the present troubles seem like a first rehearsal. If the Nicosia talks become deadlocked it would be advisable to transfer them to London on a new basis of direct negotiation, outside the barbed wire and away from the poisoned air of Cyprus. By the way, Sir John Harding in his TV talk might have intended to cheer up his soldiers' mothers with his reference to the normalcy of conditions in Cyprus. He must be the only man in the island who feels that way, but perhaps Malaya is his yardstick.

House of Commons. LENA JEGER

HOUSING POLICY

SIR,—The government's housing subsidy policy has at last brought to a head anomalies that have long been troubling those Socialist who have anything to do with housing, in any sphere of activity. If Socialism is a movement "towards equality" there can be no defence of housing subsidies applied to the dwelling and not to the family income; for subsidies of this kind, indiscriminately applied, seem often to increase inequalities.

Other social welfare benefits such as family allowances or widow's pensions (which are included in income tax returns and are thus subject to tax) do not have this effect, and their universal distribution need not cause alarm. But in the computation of income tax no notice is taken of rent or housing subsidies. So it has often happened that in some cases small families with high incomes have become eligible for council housing and thus for a housing subsidy, while the man with a large family to support may earn a low wage and despite family allowances, can often ill-afford the larger (and therefore more expensive) council house his family so badly needs. If ever there was a case for differential rents, here is one.

Yet, as you point out, the means test dies hard. But is not this reluctance to discuss incomes and expenses exaggerated? As a housing assistant in a new town, where no inquiries are made into prospective tenants' incomes, I find that tenants are very willing to volunteer such details—often with no prompting at all—as an explanation of their comments that the cost of living is high or that despite high rents, they prefer the new town to a suburb.

Inquiries into incomes are made for the assessment of charges for the home help service and cause few difficulties. Is this objection to a so-called "means test" just another excuse? Or is the Labour Party planning (when next in power) to use housing subsidies in the form of rent rebates to promote more, not less, equality?

While there is no overall socialisation of housing and subsidised houses are available for only a percentage of the population, there seems to be no real reason why those who can afford an economic rent should not pay it. Then subsidies to those really in need of them can be increased without overburdening the rest of the community.

HOUSING ASSISTANT

CAPITALISM AND COAL

SIR,—The article by Mr. Hughes will certainly have revived the spirits of those Tory back-benchers who have argued all along that nationalised coal should have minimum staffs and give maximum autonomy to local management. They were amazed and furious that the tycoons of the Fleck Committee did not lend their support to this fundamentally political campaign, but they will be delighted now if Socialists base their thinking on the proposition that tycoons must always be wrong.

"Autonomy for local management" is a political argument because it is essentially an attack on nationalisation. It can only mean setting one coalfield against another and abandoning the effort to develop responsible labour, investment, and technical policies for the industry as a whole. With coalfield conditions and prospects varying so widely, it is in the nature of things, and no criticism of local management, that the development of consistent (but not necessarily uniform) policies for the industry as a whole depends most of all upon effective central control. One of the objects of nationalisation was to create this control, as the coal-owners failed to do, and to make it accountable to government, as they or any private monopoly would never be. The failure to provide for this central control and accountability to government (the latter, of course, being essential for Socialist planning) is the greatest weakness of John Hughes's own suggestions for the organisation of the industry.

Moreover, efficiency should not be attacked merely because big business recommends it. Consider, for example, the Fleck recommendations that planning staffs should be strengthened to speed investment and avoid high interest charges accruing on schemes behind schedule; that a purchasing department should be set up to get the Board better value for money, mainly in purchases from private industry; and that a staff department was needed to make the most of present employees' talent and attract more ability to the industry against the high-salary competition of private firms. Surely these and many similar recommendations are all directed to the same point—that nationalised coal should not go on being the stupid "country cousin" of British industry.

The meaning of Mr. Hughes's suggestion that the miners should be involved "in the control of their working lives on a mass scale and at all levels" is not at all clear, but it sounds much more likely to produce a county council method of administration than anything else, which the miners would surely find intolerable. It is true that the Fleck Committee said nothing about workers' control, but they were surely right to regard it as outside their province. The question is not an organisational one of where to fit workers' representatives in; it is a political one of how far management and trade union must maintain separate responsibilities, which they must

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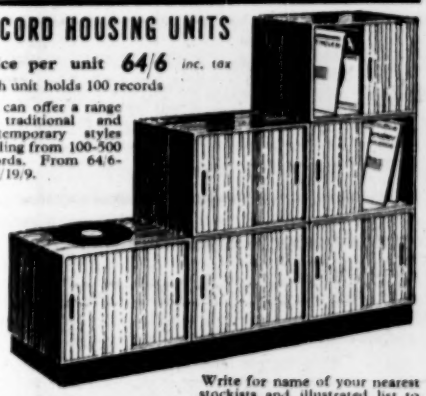
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JONATHAN CAPE

learn to discharge harmoniously, and how far they can accept joint responsibility, and to whom. Indeed, while the two million tons dispute loss which John Hughes mentions has all been lost without a single strike having N.U.M. support, one must start by asking how much responsibility the trade union is willing to accept for the conduct of its own members, let alone for the conduct of the industry.

Finally, of course, it is a complete misrepresentation to suggest that anyone, least of all the Board, regards the Fleck Report as an infallible gospel and is imposing it rigidly on a resentful management. Many of the results cannot be judged until they have had several years' fair and steady trial, and the committee based its suggestions, after all, largely on evidence from coalfield management.

Thus there are strong grounds for saying that Socialists have far more cause to be pleased with the Fleck Report, and far less cause to be worried by it, than John Hughes makes out. What should worry them, however, is their lack of an effective policy on problems such as coal pricing in a mixed economy, which it was not the Fleck Committee's task to consider. It is to problems like this that discussions should now be directed.

London, S.W. PAUL DANDRIDGE

SIR,—I am sorry that I omitted the phrase that Sir Andrew Bryan draws attention to, especially as it makes more apparent the attitude to which I was trying to draw attention—that fundamentally management problems in public and private industry are the same.

On Sir Andrew's latter point, I was referring to the report in the *Daily Express* of January 3 which, under the heading "Efficiency Men From Industry," announced that Coal Board jobs "are waiting for more than 60 executives from private industry." Mr. Trevor Evans reported, in this article, that the recruitment of men from the "senior level" of big business undertakings was part of Sir Andrew's plan for carrying out the Fleck Report. JOHN HUGHES

Sheffield.

EPIDEMIC CANCER

SIR,—Your correspondent writes: "Other possible risks like diesel exhaust fumes . . . have been investigated, but none has been found of any significance." In fact these investigations are still proceeding and evidence has been obtained that diesel and petrol engines *do* in fact produce polycyclic hydrocarbons including the carcinogen, 3:4 benzpyrene (Kotin, Falk and Thomas, 1955).

Although the combustion temperature is somewhat lower in the case of the pipe and cigar than for the cigarette, recent preliminary experimental work (Private Communication from A. J. Lindsey) indicates that the amount of 3:4 benzpyrene produced per pound of tobacco consumed is approximately the same for the pipe and cigarette.

In this respect your correspondent raises false hopes that the lung cancer risk may be met by evolution of a tobacco which burns at a lower temperature—a most unlikely event anyway. In fact, it does seem that combustion of any organic materials, from old boots to oak wood used for kipper and bacon smoking, leads to formation of carcinogenic hydrocarbons.

The statement that the "nicotine filter holder may reduce the risk is also misleading." Experimental work has shown that denicotea filters do not absorb carcinogenic materials selectively, but merely reduce the total smoke consumed—a result which could be achieved more economically by smoking some 4 per cent. fewer cigarettes. (Cooper and Lindsey, 1955.)

In conclusion, I feel that it should be made clear that while cigarette smoking is a very real danger, atmospheric pollution by domestic and industrial smoke is also an important contributory cause of lung cancer. The remedy in this case lies squarely in the hands of parliament in formulating an effective "clean air" bill—which is not, I believe, as difficult as some interests have suggested.

Oxted, Surrey. F. H. KENDALL

DR. SUMMERSKILL AND THE ARABS

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a comment by Critic on what are purported to be certain actions of mine, 12 months ago, in Israel.

Mr. James Griffiths and I visited Israel as the guests of the government, and were in each others company during the whole of the visit. On one occasion we visited the home of a Druse family. The men received us, and I asked if I might meet the wife of the man of the house. This I did, introduced her to Jim Griffiths and then chatted with her in another room. This was the end of the incident to which you refer.

Your other astonishing allegations can only be regarded as fantasy. Jim Griffiths and I had supper with an Arab family on the occasion of the marriage of one of the men. I asked my host to join us; he did, and asked questions through an interpreter about England. Then after witnessing the pre-nuptial dancing we departed. I was told during the meal that it was unusual for an Arab to sit with his guest, but that he seemed quite unperturbed.

I find it difficult to understand why Israeli representatives should tell these colourful stories, but even more difficult to comprehend why you print them without telephoning me, or Jim Griffiths, whose version of the incidents is the same as mine.

EDITH SUMMERSKILL

House of Commons.

[Critic writes: "I told the story of the Beduin feast exactly as it was told to me by eye-witnesses. I am sorry if it was inaccurately reported."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE UNRECOGNISED

SIR,—Mr. David Carr has amused himself by writing with such assurance about the selection of the Royal Academy's summer exhibition. I can assure Mr. Carr, and any of your readers who have been misled by his inaccuracies, that the choice of works is not as rapid as he supposes. It is spread over a period of more than three weeks. There is, therefore, ample opportunity for a group of professional artists, representing differing tastes and individual points of view, to recognise any "new or unusual talent" among the works submitted.

HUMPHREY BROOKE,

Royal Academy of Arts, W.1. *Secretary.*

PHOTOGRAPHY AND REALISM

SIR,—In his recent article, John Berger talks of the "movement gathering more and more force"; and in many other papers there is discussion of the so-called new realism. It is time somebody mentioned photography. One supposes that critics have heard of photography; but certainly few have thought about it—none really has come to terms with it. Next to the printed word, the photographic image in one form or another is the widest form of communication. Therefore one should assume art critics to know about photography.

The photographer's attitude to this discussion on realism is firstly one of amusement; because while this realism is being discussed as a new development, photographers have been quietly carrying on since the time that painting (because of the camera) turned away to abstraction. But, more seriously, I think it has to be asked: should the painters be turning to something that the camera may be doing better? Because I profoundly believe the greatest photographers, such as Cartier-Bresson (who incidentally was recognised recently by a show at the Louvre), to be major artists. The English realists at any rate are not. Part of the explanation is the point touched on by Berger, that art is a snob commodity. Good photography can communicate to a far wider public than present-day painting and sculpture; and, with the applied arts, could help to bridge the too wide gap between artist and public. But the powers that be do not consider it crucial to educate; or for that matter to have galleries open at hours when the ordinary person could visit them.

ROGER MAYNE

7a Addison Avenue.
W.11.

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Signpost to the Welfare State

ACCORDING to Engels the great cities of modern England had been so devised that poverty was always removed from the sight of "the happier classes." Behind the thoroughfares were the alleys, and beyond them both was "the separate territory" of the slums. "One is seldom in a position to catch from the street a glimpse of the real labouring districts."

By the time that the first English edition of Engels's *Condition of the Working-Class in England in 1844* appeared in 1892, Charles Booth had already set out to reveal the full poverty of London to the world. A wealthy steamship owner, who enjoyed business as much as he enjoyed social exploration, he did not rest until he had written seventeen volumes of closely packed statistics and impressions. Each street in the "separate territory" was plotted on a social map of London: every relevant fact was exposed. His *Life and Labour of the People in London*, which was not completed until 1903, was a "grand inquest into the conditions of life and labour of the four million inhabitants of the richest city in the world." "Prior to this inquiry," wrote Beatrice Webb, "neither the individualist nor the socialist could state with any approach to accuracy what exactly was the condition of the people of Great Britain." Now they could never avoid precise statistics again.

Only one of the statistics has retained its original vividness for subsequent generations. In the eighteen-nineties 30 per cent. of London's population lived in chronic poverty below the level of subsistence. The plain presentation of this single fact did much to stimulate the growing movement for social reform: "the arithmetic of woe," as Booth called it, provided the basis for the mathematics of welfare. It was Booth's ambition to raise the very poor class outside "the daily struggle for existence," and thereby not only to eliminate distress but to make it easier for "the true working classes" to secure a larger share of wealth. Such a new Welfare State would not be a socialist State: "thorough interference on the part of the State with the lives of a small fraction of the population would tend to make it possible ultimately to dispense with any Socialistic interference in the lives of all the rest." Booth had little sympathy with ideological socialism, which he believed had "no solidity of structure and no firm basis," nor was there anything prophetic about his vision of a new twentieth-century world. He pinned his faith in the limited politics of welfare, and did not doubt that "rich people would doubtless continue to be." The only difference—although to him it was crucial—was that "they would only be less rich by contrast with the common lot of humanity." The Welfare State was almost an inevitable State. Once the facts had been established, the corollaries were indisputable. It was not theory which would change the world, but "intensity of feeling" enlivened by knowledge. "In intensity of feeling, and not in statistics, lies the power to move the world. But by statistics must this power be guided if it would move the world aright."

Booth's single fact has guided an active band of social reformers and politicians who have never found time to read seventeen monumental volumes. The volumes as a whole have inspired a far smaller number of people, most of them sociologists. *Life and Labour* was the greatest product of an age when social reform and sociology were growing up together, and the social scientists, inspired by a desire to find the truth, were being driven by an irresistible urge to help their fellow-men. It was characteristic of Booth that he refused rigidly to separate fact-finding from the advocacy of remedies. There was no "single panacea, no philosopher's stone by which economists or statesmen can touch the surging life of London, even with the glint of an age of gold," but in the meantime it was the duty of students of society to find out all they could about ordinary people, "neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

Booth himself insisted on painting things "too dark rather than too bright, not because I myself take a gloomy view, but to avoid the chance of understating the evils with which society has to deal." Sociology was master-knowledge for changing the shape of society, not a tidy conceptual framework or a sophisticated description in technical language of things as they were. Booth, who had been influenced in his youth by Comte, was too persistently inquisitive and much too inconsistent to search for a system or find comfort in a body of doctrines. "In beginning my inquiry," he remarked, "I had no preconceived ideas, no theory to work up to, no pet scheme into agreement with which the facts collected were to be twisted or to which they would have to be squared." At the same time he was prepared to admit that "out of the same material some other hand may be able to build a more stable structure" and to take pride in the fact that his book furnished "weapons and ammunition for absolutely opposed schools" of thought. Like Keynes's *General Theory*, *Life and Labour* soon became a book with a history of its own, quite independent of the personality and outlook of its writer, and it was quickly put to good use even by spokesmen of "doctrines which I abhor."

The long-term influence of Booth on English sociology has been considerable. He made the social survey an indispensable piece of apparatus for the student of society. He established what he called his "double method" for testing the condition of the people—first, by describing them street by street, family by family, in their homes; and second, by reviewing them at work, trade by trade, in their factories, warehouses, and shops. The first method emphasised the bold contrasts between wealth and poverty, and directed attention to the walls of necessity, to the uniformity of large numbers of people living in very similar circumstances in streets any one of which seemed like the next: the second method emphasised the variety of working conditions and the "irrepressible individuality" of economic activity. The basic contrast between poverty and wealth was incomplete for Booth: he wished also to consider life itself, "full of chances, the best use of which demands free individuality." He was even prepared to defend trade cycles in that they were like the orderly beating of a heart causing the blood to circulate —each throb a cycle.

> If the alternations of good and bad times be not too sudden or too great, the community gains not only by the strengthening of character under stress, but also by a direct effect on enterprise. As to character, the effect is very similar to that of the recurrence of winter as compared to the enervation of continual summer.

There was more of Darwinian biology than of theoretical economics in such a statement. Indeed, a few lines later Booth talked openly of a constant seeking after improvement, a weeding out of the incapable, and a survival of the fittest.

It was in his zest for life and his enthusiastic quest to find out more about it, rather than in his analysis of class or his classification of urban problems, that Booth set an example for subsequent sociologists. He did not regard London as a laboratory but as an exciting, turbulent, tragic, comic stage. The bustle of the crowds resolved itself into the eagerness and energy of its component parts. The backcloth was equally exciting. "Where memories lie thickest," he wrote of Central London, "our life presses most." He knew where to go in London to find Italian organ grinders, German bands, Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix, and even professional cricketers—"lowest paid of all professional men"—as well as board schools, model lodgings and thrift societies. Even in the poorest areas he detected "the elements of human happiness." Of a new club in Bethnal Green he could write, "coarse though the fabric be, it is shot through with the golden threads of enthusiasm." In Whitechapel, "the Eldorado of the East," he could catch "the excitement of life which can accept murder as a dramatic incident, and drunkenness as the buffoonery of the stage." Only St. George's-in-the-East lacked distinctive charm and failed to provide him with that "rush of human life as fascinating to watch as the current of a river"; and even St. George's appeared to stagnate with a squalor peculiar to itself.

Intimate knowledge of London makes *Life and Labour* a fascinating book to rediscover even for those who are prepared to take signposts to the Welfare State for granted. While Engels's Manchester moves stiffly and mechanically, Booth's London breathes and lives. Where twentieth-century statisticians and sociologists have been content to pile up tables and to stretch out graphs, Booth blends figures and faces. He gives us, for example, exact details of the number of soldiers in London, but he goes on to describe their favourite public houses, "always arranged with an eye to the soldiers' tastes," and mentions in a quiet footnote that at one well-known soldiers' house in Woolwich all the barmaids wore red blouses. This was one red emblem which Engels—for all his passion—would always have contrived to miss.

Colourful details of this kind stimulate curiosity about Booth himself. There are two good accounts of him—one by his wife, the other by Beatrice Webb. When Mrs. Webb first met him, he "was no longer young. He

had neither failed nor succeeded in life, and one was left in doubt whether the striking unconventionality betokened an initiating brain or a futile eccentricity." Very quickly Mrs. Webb resolved her doubts. The tall, thin stooping shipowner with the prominent aquiline nose, moustache and pointed beard and large grey eyes became one of her pioneer heroes, and drew her into the "great enterprise which aroused my wholehearted sympathy and admiration." Mrs. Webb's apprenticeship with Booth was itself of major significance in the evolution of twentieth-century techniques and philosophies of Fabianism.

Mary Booth points not to the future but to the past. She was a niece of the historian Macaulay and a direct descendant of prominent members of the evangelical Clapham Sect: in addition, she shared with Mrs. Webb a common grandfather, Richard Potter, one of the founders of the *Manchester Guardian* in 1821. The family ties are significant, as are the places of origin—Manchester and Liverpool. Not all of Engels's "happier classes" went through the nineteenth century with their eyes closed. There were some, like Booth, who were prepared to make an imaginative leap into a world which they could well have afforded to ignore. "It is not easy," Booth wrote, "for any outsider to gain a sufficient insight into the lives of the people. The descriptions of them in the books we read are for the most part as unlike the truth as are the descriptions of aristocratic life in the books they read." *Life and Labour* was a new sort of book to read, and any reassessment of it must go back to 1886 when Booth first decided to explore the unknown. It must end, of course, with the still unexplored mysteries of the Welfare State.

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Out of each fractured part
The arrows must go singing from
The bowstrings of the heart.

The arrow for the target,
The archer for the bow
And each heart for the nuptials
True lovers only know,
Who wear upon one finger
The gold ring of the sea,
And pluck down their wax taper
Out of the swinging tree.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

The Twentieth of July

The Shirt of Nessus. By CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Was the anti-Hitler plot of July 20 morally justified? Were Churchill and Roosevelt right to give the conspirators no help before the attempt and afterwards to condemn them as "a militarist clique, no better than the Nazis"? It is because he has passionate answers to both these questions that Mr. Fitz Gibbon has written *The Shirt of Nessus*. He believes that the curse of the modern world—a curse which the Western democracies share with the totalitarian states—is "the individual's negation of responsibility in favour of the party, the movement, the ideology," and, after studying the story of the German Resistance he concludes that they acted

> as individuals who had examined their conscience, decided that since life was not intended to be lived in terms of comfort, torture, robbery, hatred and fear, they, as individuals, were prepared to risk their lives in an attempt to change the world about them.

In brief, his book is written as Plutarch wrote his *Lives*, not to elucidate historical causes but to edify posterity.

I must admit that I find this history with a moral a refreshing change from the neutral objectivity of the usual academic studies of World War II. Mr. Fitz Gibbon has read all the written sources—in German as well as English—and talked with most of the handful of survivors. Having mastered the evidence, he has reached the conclusion that Stauffenberg, not Goerdeler, was the hero of the tragedy; and that Gisevius, who wrote the first popular account, has thrust himself into a prominence which neither his role in the plot nor his reliability as a witness deserves. But the violence of Mr. Fitz Gibbon's partisanship does not spoil his story. On the contrary, it gives it that sense of engagement which is essential if we are to comprehend events in which terrible conflicts of personality were a decisive factor.

I myself am prepared to accept the first contention of *The Shirt of Nessus*. Almost certainly the German time-servers, who argued in the summer of 1944 (as they had been arguing for ten years) that any action would be untimely, were right in their calculations. By trying—and failing—Stauffenberg doomed to destruction practically the whole of the anti-Nazi opposition only ten months before the collapse of the Third Reich. Nevertheless, the inmost group of conspirators—Army officers, officials, pastors and trade unionists—were men of the highest nobility of character. They acted from the purest, because it was the most desperate, sense of patriotism and outraged Christian principle. If the basis of Western democracy is personal responsibility, then the duty of protest, and ultimately of revolution, falls upon the individual when the State denies its citizens their liberties. By this standard the men of July 20 were better democrats than most of their Anglo-Saxon detractors.

What of Mr. Fitz Gibbon's second question? Unfortunately the precise relationship of the British and American Governments to the German opposition is still a secret. When Mr. Fitz Gibbon charges Sir Winston and Mr. Roosevelt with rebuffing the overtures conveyed in 1942 by the Bishop of Chichester and of treating the conspirators as a military clique, no less dangerous than the Nazis, he cannot substantiate his charge. My own limited experience, however, leads me to the conclusion that the charge is justified. Thanks to Mr. Allen Dulles's office in Switzerland, the British and American Governments were kept fully informed about the development of the conspiracy; yet they expressly forbade any encouragement whatsoever to be given to it. How far this veto went is illustrated by one incident, recalled to my mind by reading *The Shirt of Nessus*. Mr. Fitz Gibbon relates how Rommel and his Chief of Staff, Speidel, shortly after the Normandy landings, became convinced that the war must be ended, if necessary by the arrest of Hitler. This meant that four of the five top German Generals in the West were now ready to surrender to Eisenhower if the possibility of surrender existed. The possibility did not exist. It had been expressly excluded by President Roosevelt. Some time before D-Day a staff paper had been prepared in SHAEF, proposing that, in one of the pronouncements he regularly made, the Supreme Commander should explain factually and in detail how a surrender could be made by a German Commander in the field. Such a pronouncement, it was argued, would be in strict conformity with the policy of unconditional surrender and, even if there were no response, would be effective psychological warfare. Eisenhower approved the proposal and was given to understand that the British Prime Minister would agree if Mr. Roosevelt had no objection. So the paper was given to Mr. Stettinius (then Secretary of State), who promised to put it in the President's hands. Some weeks later Eisenhower received a laconic telegram, telling him to keep to his soldier's job and leave politics to his Commander-in-Chief.

From what we now know about Rommel—and even about Kluge, who succeeded him when he was wounded—it is clear that by June, 1944, the German Command in France was actively eager to surrender. All they needed was the kind of encouragement which would have been provided by the pronouncement which Roosevelt vetoed.

The appalling truth is that, by the summer of 1944, no surrender was acceptable to the Allied Powers and the war had to be continued until the German and Japanese States were physically smashed. In a recent book, Mr. Butow has been able to show how systematically the American Administration frustrated all Japanese attempts to negotiate a surrender, until after the atom bomb had fallen on Hiroshima. If the documents

were available we should have a similar picture of its attitude to Germany. The activities of the German Resistance were regarded in London and Washington as an embarrassment, which might, if they were successful, cut short the war and deny to Germany's enemies the delights of total victory. So, on the excuse of a refusal to parley with a militarist clique, the war was prolonged for another year—until Hitler had been permitted to destroy most of what was honourable in Germany, and Russia stood in the heart of Europe. Mr. Fitz Gibbon concludes:

> The authorities in the West did not desire a successful rebellion within Germany and were glad that the attempt to bring one about had failed . . . They were debasing policy to gratify exactly those same furious and diabolical emotions in their own countries which had raised Hitler to power in his.

How I wish that some of us on our side had shown a fraction of the moral courage in fighting these "furious and diabolical emotions" in our own countries which the men of July 20 displayed in Germany!

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Man Bites Lady

Marie Corelli. By WILLIAM STUART SCOTT. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

It is not easy to understand the querulous dislike that poor, dead Miss Corelli can still, apparently, arouse. Her faults were fairly humdrum. Self-advertisement, posing and a gift for squabbles are no novelty among the arts. There is nothing too exacerbating about a *dépaysé* gondola. It may be vexing that work of such doubtful value should have brought in such thumping sums, but she was generous with her money. Her servants adored her, and the little that we know of the enigmatic Bertha Vyver does not lead us to think that she would hook up, for whatever reason, with anybody of really disagreeable character.

As a youthful Belfast bookworm, Mr. Scott came rapidly under the spell of this astonishingly popular novelist. A correspondence began, much of which is here quoted, and some years later a meeting was arranged, Mr. Scott presenting himself at 4.30 beneath the elaborate window-boxes of Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, attired in frock coat and silk hat. A refreshing dart into the downstairs "toilet", a circuitous walk through hall, study, drawing-room and conservatory, and there was the dumpy authoress of *The Sorrows of Satan*, tricked out in greenish-brown (whatever can that be?), perched upon a dais and extemporising at the piano (she had, as a child, obliged for, of all people, Watts-Dunton and Swinburne).

> Her little figure bulged at every seam of her frock, her face and hands were an unhealthy red, her mouth slightly twisted, her hair colourless, and her eyes revealing the faintest suspicion of a squint.

"I hope you won't tell people that I am an ugly old woman", said Miss Corelli, as they parted, to a Mr. Scott, full of disillusionment and, presumably, tea. Facts, one supposes, are facts, but in view of this deplorable description and the petty criticisms and unflattering memories with which the Rev. Mr. Scott fills his pages, one may raise an eyebrow at the sub-title to his book: "The Story of a Friendship".

On Miss Corelli's side, it was certainly friendship. She was a tireless correspondent, she took trouble over Mr. Scott's wife and daughter, she gave him advice and encouragement, she tried to read his unpublished novel, she was always ready with a welcome among the tea-things or an invitation to her Daffodil Dance, her Rose Dance, her *Thé Dansant*. The Scotts, domiciled at Kenilworth, hanged the expense and attended the first of these excitements ("Ladies will favour the Dance by wearing a small bunch of daffodils swinging lightly from the right arm or shoulder").

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> You naughty little Couple!
> *Why* didn't you tell me straight out . . . ? It would have been *such* a pleasure to me to send you a "Daimler" from Coventry—and we have lots of friends who would have gladly put you up for the night. Naughty!—very naughty! . . . I kept on looking for you both.

There were, of course, tiffs, inconsistent behaviour, misunderstandings, heated discussions of controversial subjects, but what does Mr. Scott expect from human relationships? Not these, it seems. Miss Corelli becomes, sarcastically, the "dear little lady" with the "little business head", and in retrospect and as Minister of the Stratford (London) Congregational Church, Mr. Scott comes to regard her with "tolerant amusement" —a patronising little phrase.

Marie Corelli was a card and any facts about her are easy to read, but this book matters extraordinarily little. Whatever Mr. Scott's intention in writing it, it is clear that standards of friendship differ, and it is Miss Corelli, for all her oddity and awkwardness, who wins one's respect. The whole affair is a lesson to eccentric celebrities to think twice before they kindly go out of their way to befriend smallish fry.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

The Apple Tree, the Singing and the Gold

Aristophanes: The Knights. Translated by GILBERT MURRAY. *Allen & Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Gilbert Murray first had a distinguished theatrical success in 1902 when Granville Barker began to alternate Greek tragedy at the Court Theatre with the plays of Galsworthy and Shaw. Now, a few days after his ninetieth birthday, he publishes the twenty-fifth of his translations of Greek plays—all of them still in print and having sold some 400,000 copies. This is, of course, far the most important work of popularising Greek literature in the twentieth century. It has been accomplished by a scholar of exceptional learning who has a passion for sharing with other people the pleasure he finds in Greek. He can do this because he is a poet with two splendid gifts: eloquence that enables him to write for the stage, and incantation that makes much of his poetry memorable in its own right:

> Our herded kine were moving in the dawn
> Up to the peaks, the greyest, coldest time
> When the first rays steal earthward, and the rime
> Yields . . .
>
> Will they ever come to me, ever again,
> The long, long dances?
>
> Bird of the sea-rocks, of the bursting spray,
> O halcyon bird,
> That wheelest crying, crying on thy way . . .
>
> To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
> The apple-tree, the singing and the gold . . .

Not everything that is beautiful in Murray is to be found in the Greek, and sometimes the beauty of the Greek is of another kind. That is the substance of the criticism of thirty years ago. It is true that Dr. Murray did not solve the problem of translating the poetry of a world of brilliant light in which words were younger and could work harder, into English of the same clarity, precision and force. No one has. True also that when a change of taste ousted Swinburnian impressionism and archaic language from poetry Dr. Murray did not follow his contemporary Y. B. Yeats into a new form of utterance. He is not a great poet but a good one of his own time whose translations have excited and educated many thousands of readers; I am glad to be one of them.

Dr. Murray has also been an untiring worker at the highest level for peace and liberty. This new translation of *The Knights* is an arch that spans the two pillars of his life, for the play is one of the boldest examples of free speech ever recorded. Though it is probably too full of local politics for the contemporary stage, the deft introduction and brief notes make for pleasantly informed reading of the racy translation. One feels that the central comic idea might be worth imitating: it is of confronting the War Minister Cleon (who has just returned from fulfilling his "lunatic boast" that he could do better in the field than the generals) with an imaginary politician even more rapacious and disgusting than himself. Dr. Murray's touch is delicate and assured throughout the play. I found particularly moving the *parabasis* in which Aristophanes claims to represent the city "by daring to speak what is true" and passes on through friendly criticism of the other comic poets to the hymns to Poseidon and Athene, and the praise of Athens.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Man Alive

D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism. Edited by ANTHONY BEAL. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

When Lawrence undertook hack-work, as he often had to, he left a clear impression of his quality. There is a marvellous directness about his fiction reviews, as if he had suddenly looked up at you from the book, with his finger on the page to mark his place:

> He [Hemingway] wants just to lounge around and maintain a healthy state of nothingness inside himself, and an attitude of negation to everything outside himself. And why shouldn't he, since that is exactly and sincerely what he feels? If he really *doesn't* care, then why should he care? Anyhow, he doesn't.

You realise at once that to write like this is much harder than it looks; and almost at once—it's an unnerving experience, the first time you have it—you feel Lawrence's nature drive through the words and assert itself with a strange naive assurance in his critical judgments. There is a great deal of hostility, some of it foolish, in his criticism, but it is nearly always saved from meanness by his vivid and generous energy—in fact by those things which add up, as he says in *Why the Novel Matters*, to being "man alive". And I believe it is the same man-alive quality which enables him to be grossly unjust without forfeiting our respect, as when he says Dostoevski is "like the rat, slithering along in hate, in the shadows, and, in order to belong to the light, professing love, all love"; and when he describes *Ulysses* as "nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness."

Lawrence's letters, taken in the bulk, are about as good as any letters in English. They contain much of his best criticism, and at the same time they have a range and a quick shifting of interest, an entanglement of literature and life, which make it often impossible to present the criticism in a single strand. This sets his editor an awkward problem, and Mr. Beal has tackled it with skill and sympathy. Perhaps his standard of relevance in quoting from the letters is a little too severe: when he prints, quite on its own, "Tell your man Tchekhov is a second-rate writer and a willy wet-leg," it would be nice to have some idea what is going on, even if it has nothing to do with literature. In fact, I wish he had been more generous throughout with the casual journalism and the letters, even if it had meant cutting some of the more formal essays. For instance, Lawrence on painting is not worth very much.

This question of what to put in and what to leave out must depend on one's reason for regarding Lawrence's criticism as important. I think it will be a pity, now he is safely established as a great writer, if his longer and presumably more carefully considered essays begin to attract an automatic reverence towards themselves at the expense of the odds and ends. *Studies in Classic*

American Literature, the only critical book published by Lawrence himself, contains a lot of his worst work. He has a hobby-horse ("The American has got to destroy. It is his destiny. It is his destiny to destroy the whole corpus of the white psyche, the white consciousness") which he rides with terrible frenzied dogmatism and with total disregard of his own precept, that a man must keep his earnestness nimble, to escape ridicule:

> The terrible fatality.
> Fatality.
> Doom.
> Doom! Doom! Doom! Something seems to whisper it in the very dark trees of America. Doom!
> Doom of what?
> Doom of our white day. We are doomed, doomed. And the doom is in America. The doom of our white day.

Stuff. Stuff. Stuff. And the mystical-sexual-biological stuff is there in the American essays as well:

> The nerves that vibrate most intensely in spiritual unions are the sympathetic ganglia of the breast, of the throat, and the hind brain. Drive this vibration over-intensely, and you weaken the sympathetic tissues of the chest—the lungs—or of the throat, or of the lower brain, and the tubercles are given a ripe field.

And so it's doom again.

The *Study of Thomas Hardy* takes up more space than anything else in this selection. It is blown out with Lawrence's man and woman theorising, and it alternates between hectoring pessimism and crude talk about human progress ("No man can as yet find perfect consummation of marriage between himself and the Bride, be the bride either Woman or an Idea, but he can approximate to it, and every generation can get a little nearer"). But his discussion of Hardy's novels, of their setting—especially Egdon Heath—and of the people moving "somewhat like tame animals" against that setting, is very fine and also, since it was written in 1914, very original. It is as good as the criticism in the letters—as good as the notes on Dostoevski which he sent to the Murrys, and almost as good as the account he gave Edward Garnett of what he was trying to do in his novels, how he wanted to get beyond "the old stable *ego* of the character" and bring character under "some other rhythmic form, as when one draws a fiddle-bow across a fine tray delicately sanded, the sand takes lines unknown." That's where to send anybody who wants to know why Lawrence is important outside his fiction. But keep him away from Doom and sympathetic ganglia.

JOHN JONES

The Land Well Lost

The West in My Eyes. By ANNIE VAN DE WIELE. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Sailing—in the sense of living at sea and making long voyages—is one of the most complete escapes from tiresome life that has ever been invented. One strikes off at a blow all the landsman's anxieties, the landsman's needs. Life becomes, from minute to minute, simple, absorbing, demanding all one's attention. Sailing has this advantage over every other sport involving danger and the need for decision: it provides, in itself, a satisfying way of life. Responsibility, duty to the ship, and the necessity of arriving at one's destination, can very easily come to feel like the purpose of life. It is a singularly complete and satisfying delusion. Those who have tasted it are never surprised to hear of yet another couple who have sold up their home for the sake of bashing about the world in an eighteen-ton ketch. Those who are free and have the mettle to do so, do it; those who hanker and stay at home welcome another addition to the Mariners' Library, which gives them a whiff of intoxication at small expense.

The people who write books about their sea adventures are rarely great writers. They hardly need to be: the material is so rich, the lure so strong. Nevertheless there are pitfalls, of which facetiousness and jolly matiness are the worst. Mrs. Van de Wiele, I am glad to say, falls into neither, though she is a cheerful little person, fond of her modest joke. The voyage which she recounts, with all the domestic and interesting detail which a man would most probably leave out, was a two-year circumnavigation of the world, made with her husband and one other man, in a small yacht which is still their only home. She tells one everything, except what the voyage cost and how they found the money, which is one of the details one would very much like to know. If there were any way of being self-supporting at sea, other than by writing books about being self-supporting at sea, the ocean would be more populous than it is. But the cost of the voyage, says Mrs. Van de Wiele, "does not concern anyone," and we are left to assume that she and her husband have some private means, perhaps not very ample for a landsman's life, but well enough at sea.

> We do not wear out a lot of clothes, we are not concerned with fashion or keeping up appearances. We spend a great deal of our time at sea where there are no shop windows to tempt us with a collection of useless little objects. A small ship pays little or no harbour dues. We have a licence to obtain duty-free tobacco and alcohol. . . . There is no room for furniture and knick-knacks; we have no electricity or gas and relatively little water, and, of course, no car.

To offset this cleansing freedom there seems only the difficulty of living harmoniously with other people in a confined space, and the malignant behaviour of which all marine engines are capable; and these seem nothing against the comfort and beauty of sail, and the delights of an island landfall after a Pacific crossing—the rainbow vision of Moorea or Bora-Bora at one's window.

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Mrs. Van de Wiele is an enjoyer of life and of the world, and it is her own private log, full of observation and good sense, which has been the source of this friendly and enjoyable book. She has seen nothing new or sensational and does not pretend she has; what gives the book its flavour is the quality of her own character, and the unpretentious fidelity with which this is conveyed.

MARGARET LANE

Bella Figura

The Rebuilding of Italy: Politics and Economics 1945-1955. By MURIEL GRINDROD. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 21*s.*

Happy the country without a history. Italy, unfortunately, has had more than her share of history since 1918; and even now, to the delight of none but her Foreign Press Club, she retains the uneasy role of a political barometer. Geographically, she is still divided into North and South, the rich plains of Lombardy and the precipitous bare rocks of Calabria. Economically, she is straddled between agrarian traditions and a growing industrialisation, harassed by overpopulation and a shortage of most raw materials. Politically, she forms part of the triangle of forces stretched between Moscow, Washington, and Vatican City; while at home she is still recovering from twenty years of Fascism, with her central parties weak and disunited in the face of Right-wing extremists, habits of *trasformismo*, Catholic paternalism, and a dangerously militant Left. Socially, she is still scarred by the contrast of ostentatious wealth with oriental poverty, by the excesses of clerics and anti-clericals, and by superstition, fatalism, and the crippling memory of past glories. To complete the picture, she has fabulous art treasures, a plethora of sunlit natural beauty, and a people whose garrulous charm may obscure to the tourist their reserves of intelligence and strength. Only in Italy, one feels, could the leading clown in cinema and music-hall be a genuine Byzantine prince, the American Ambassador a middlebrow lady playwright, and the advocacy of birth-control illegal despite two million unemployed.

This new book by the editor of the Chatham House monthly, *The World Today*, sets out to chronicle the economic recovery of Italy, and her political vicissitudes, since the end of the war. A preliminary section sketches the background in those first days of chaos and great hopes; Part II tells the political story, a little disillusioning, of what those hopes turned into—a precarious central coalition, chiefly maintained by De Gasperi. In Part III, Miss Grindrod surveys Italy's foreign relations, greatly stressing Trieste; and in Part IV she deals in turn with economics and with such social problems as the South, land reform, unemployment, and illiteracy. Part IV is undoubtedly the best in the book: its careful compilation of facts and figures is the first reasonably full account in English of post-war tax reforms, of the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, of the Vanoni Plan, and of the rather disappointing Gonella inquiry into national education. Beyond some very minor misprints, I detected only one factual error—the promotion of Signor Pella to the "presidency" of the E.C.S.C., when in fact he is President only of its Common Assembly. In general, the book is a useful compendium of summary information on modern Italy. Nevertheless, a little more colour and first-hand knowledge might have qualified the *bella figura* of its rather barren objectivity.

Naturally enough, Miss Grindrod's bibliography is mainly composed of official statistics and semi-official expositions; and although she especially mentions *Il Ponte* and *Il Mondo*, both publications Left of centre, she takes very often the official, *benpensante* line. True, she castigates "a ruling class grown cynical and indifferent through centuries of privilege," she deplores the "betrayal" of the Resistance spirit, and she exposes the intrigues with the neo-Fascists in 1952 attributed to Professor Gedda, President of Catholic Action. Elsewhere, however, she is too often naively anti-Communist. She scouts the notion of Italian neutrality in the growing polarisation of East and West; she briskly backs Saragat against Nenni, and overstresses the closeness of Socialist-Communist relations; she describes the 1953-4 strikes as "political," ignoring the general strike of September 24, and minimising the many other occasions when the "free unions" joined with the C.G.I.L. She regards Signor Scelba as "Left or Left-Centre," and claims that his anti-Communist measures were "generally welcomed" despite "a storm of protest from the Left": more generally, discussing the reasons for Communist success in Italy, she omits the human misery that she describes elsewhere. Finally, in her extensive treatment of Trieste, she underplays the vote-catching of the Allies' 1948 declaration, and ignores the domestic reasons for Italian touchiness in summer 1953.

All these, perhaps, are matters of opinion: but there are other small omissions that sap the colour from Miss Grindrod's picture. The first—grave enough in a country such as Italy—is the virtual absence of individual portraiture. The inept Mrs. Luce, the wily De Gasperi, the nervously smiling Pella, the blunt Scelba, the astute and ambitious Fanfani—all become mere names in this austere narrative. Such austerity may be misleading. Cognate with it is the absence of revealing detail—for example, of the extensive rents racket, which so often makes nonsense of the official "rent freeze." How many official statistics conceal a similar reality? How much of the swing to the "free unions" in the Fiat works resulted from managerial pressure? Was Signor Lauro, the millionaire shipping magnate, encouraged to split the anti-E.D.C. Monarchist party by a promise of American orders? Was De Gasperi's last letter to Fanfani as much a "political testament" as its recipient later claimed? Such questions are hard to answer: but journalists and historians should put them. There remains, too, the big question about the political influence of the Church. Miss Grindrod (who discusses population and emigration without a mention of birth-control) refers to the Holy See only in passing, and largely evades the thorny problem of its relations with Christian Democracy. This may not amount to *suppressio veri*, but it seems a serious omission. Not long ago I found in a confessional in Umbria a small printed notice. It warned me that to read Italian Socialist newspapers was a mortal sin, and that if I broke this rule among others I was committing a sacrilege and would not obtain the pardon of God.

RICHARD MAYNE

Hurrah for the Blue Chips

A Simple Guide to Shareholding and Company Accounts. By JOHN WOOD. *Putnam.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Making Money on the Stock Exchange. By CHARLES GIFFORD and J. A. STEVENS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Beginners, Please. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

These three books are a sign of the financial times: the post-war generation of investors has become wise to the change of life in the capitalist economy. Given full employment, no one has yet discovered a way to halt inflation. Consequently, savings certificates lose their purchasing power faster than they accumulate interest; and all fixed-interest stocks are in the same boat. The Consols, the debentures and the preferences, beloved of our cautious ancestors, are just wasting assets today. Even money, in the form of palpable cash, is no longer an incorruptible store of value. The moths of inflation are cheerfully nibbling away in every miser's strong-room and every child's money-box. Why then do banks and insurance companies still buy gilt-edged securities? Because they are still preoccupied with arithmetical figures rather than realities. Even family solicitors have ceased to recommend Consols to their clients! The ordinary man who wishes to protect his savings from depreciation must perforce invest in ordinary shares: and books such as these are now pouring from the publishers to help him do so to the best advantage.

From Mr. Wood's primer the novice can learn how to become a responsible shareholder; how to thread the mysteries of balance-sheets; how to assess company reports and chairmen's speeches; how to estimate the chances of an increased dividend; in fact all the elementary instruction that a budding investor needs, except how to heckle the chairman at the annual company meeting. Mr. Wood writes in affable man-to-man style, which will reassure even the dullest pupil in the class that he will not be taken out of his depth.

Messrs. Gifford and Stevens have chosen a mouth-watering title to encourage the beginners, but if they hold a secret recipe they never divulge it. Their instructions are couched in the form of a conversation between an inquisitive bright young nephew posing the questions and a genial wordly-wise old uncle trotting out the answers. Naturally their ground-work is much the same as Mr. Wood's, but they also cater for more advanced students who look beyond dividend warrants for their reward. A little capital appreciation never yet did anyone any harm except the tax-collector; and these guides to the Stock Exchange explain how to set about that. Success, however, is not guaranteed; and to the sixty-four dollar question—name twenty shares that are certain to appreciate before next Christmas—uncle returns a stony answer.

Beginners, Please extends the curriculum still further. There is an illuminating foreword on the principles of investment and Stock Exchange procedure by Mr. Harold Wincott. But the bulk of the book first appeared in the pages of *The Investor's Chronicle* where actual shareholders and rentiers bring their post-graduate problems for professional advice. From over three hundred questions asked and answered there results a compendium of useful information, carefully indexed, for shareholders in mental difficulties or struggling with their income-tax. Furthermore the book contains a chapter on contangos, and an erudite appendix on the Dow Theory for those who believe in the magic of graphs on squared paper. This is capitalism *sans peur et sans reproche*. The emphasis is entirely on sound investment, by responsible citizens, of their little nest-eggs. And from the sober language of these benign advocates of a share-holding democracy the horrid word "gamble" is as rigorously excluded as it is from the chaste advertisements of pools promoters.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Shorter Reviews

Antique Dealer. By R. P. WAY. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Mr. Way, a former Vice-President of the British Antique Dealers' Association, dictated these reminiscences after his career had been ended by blindness, and died shortly before they were published. These unhappy circumstances may cause the reader to take an unduly indulgent view of his book; certainly it has been highly praised, but not, one imagines, by anyone who has had any extensive dealings with the trade which, in forty years, led Mr. Way from insignificance to Super-Tax.

The typical antique dealer is here represented as a kind of Janus, wearing on one face a benign smile ("I love to work among beautiful things") and on the other an expression of glint-eyed concupiscence ("anyone I can outsmart is a mug"). The picture is probably true, but singularly unattractive. It is hard to disagree with the American colleague who, in reply to a remark of Mr. Way's about the interesting and charming people he met in his work, snorted: "Charming, charming! I've never met such a damned lot of liars in my life. Why, I think it's a despicable business and as soon as I've made good, I quit."

Moral considerations apart, there are some good

Company Meetings

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS LIMITED

GRATIFYING IMPROVEMENT IN RESULTS

MR. RICHARD F. SUMMERS ON FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

The annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Ltd., will be held on February 22 at The Iron & Steel Institute, 4, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, MR. RICHARD F. SUMMERS, which has been circulated with the report and accounts for the year to October 1, 1955:—

The year has been one of intense activity in the steel industry, and, in spite of a substantial increase in the total output, it has been impossible in many cases for the industry to meet the demands put upon it, with the result that considerable tonnages of steel have had to be imported from other countries. There is, however, nothing new in this; this country has for many years been an importer of steel—chiefly in the semi-finished form—while at the same time the export of steel products has played an important part in the Nation's economy, and it would, I think, be unfortunate if exports were further curtailed, as this might well endanger the industry's future position in its traditional foreign markets. Everything seems to point to a further expansion in demand, and the question of finding ways and means of satisfying it has been occupying the minds of the leaders of the industry.

Much has been said and written about the need for a higher production of steel in this country, but in many cases the problems involved are passed over too lightly. The industry has been blamed in some quarters for not expanding production more quickly, but I think the critics overlook the time that is required to carry out a large scheme of development, and forget that, with industry in general substantially at full production, there is a limit to the amount which it is possible to do in any given time.

My own belief is that the steel industry has during the last few years increased its productive capacity as quickly as was in fact possible. In the past the steel trade has always been prepared to approach the question of expansion in a realistic and energetic manner, as is borne out by the fact that the production of steel in this country has risen from just under twelve million tons in 1945 to nearly twenty million tons in 1955. I see no reason why this policy should not continue, but in my opinion it is essential before embarking on large scale schemes that we should be quite certain that the necessary coking slack will be forthcoming, and that foreign ore, and the ships with which to transport it, will be available.

SHEET SECTION

Turning now to the sheet section of the industry, which is our main interest, the excess of demand over supply has been particularly heavy, and, as I have already said, the deficit has had to be made good to some extent by imports. The finer qualities of the sheets that are produced on strip mills, the improved technique in welding, and the ever increasing use of pressings all contribute to the increased demand for sheets and strip. Before the war the country's annual production of sheets amounted in round figures to 1,000,000 tons; today it is 2,200,000 tons, and when the development schemes which have so far been approved are complete it is expected to rise to 2,700,000 tons.

There is no doubt that the higher standard of living throughout the world has greatly increased the demand for many commodities whose manufacture requires steel sheets, such as refrigerators, washing machines, electric and gas cookers, kitchen equipment and, of course, motor vehicles. On the industrial side perhaps the largest increase in the demand for sheet steel and strip has been brought about by the greatly increased production and consumption of oil, which in its turn has kept the demand for drums and other metal containers at a very high level. It has always been our policy to try to distribute our products as fairly as possible between the various industries who rely upon us for their raw material, and it is surprising what a large and varied field they now cover. As a consequence of this policy a temporary recession in any one of these industries does not have a serious effect on our overall position.

POST-WAR DEVELOPMENT

So far as this Company is concerned I think we can legitimately claim to have played our full part in the development which has taken place since the war in the steel industry. We started planning as soon as possible after the end of hostilities, and have now just finished the first and largest of our schemes.

This has resulted in a complete transformation of the Shotton works, making them an up-to-date wholly integrated unit, from which we should shortly be in a position to produce crude steel at the rate of 1,250,000 tons per annum. We shall also have the necessary coke and pig iron capacity behind this production of steel, and mills capable of rolling it into finished sheets and plates.

COATED SHEETS

Whilst we have been very much preoccupied with these large scale developments, we have not overlooked the growing demand for a steel sheet with some sort of protective coating, and we have carried out further developments in both galvanising and electrolytically deposited coatings. For many years we have been operating a continuous galvanising unit, and since the war this has been increased to three furnaces.

The very tight coating which we are able to produce by this method has greatly increased the uses to which galvanised sheets can be put, and our products, sold under the name of "Galvatite," are in great demand. The same applies to our electrolytically coated material sold under the name of "Zintec," and we have just completed the installation of a new coating line which will add to our capacity for this material.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT

Last year I stated that the capacity for the manufacture of pig iron was going to be greater than our original forecast, and that, in view of the increased demand, we were investigating the possibility of increasing our target of 1,250,000 tons of crude steel. After going into the position very thoroughly we are now satisfied that we can further raise our steel output to 1,600,000 or 1,700,000 tons.

In order to handle this tonnage certain modifications will have to be made to the hot rolling mills, and additional finishing equipment and packing and despatch facilities will be required, but when it is all finished we should be in a position to deliver annually about 1,250,000 tons of finished products. It is estimated that the cost of this further stage in our development will be about £16,500,000. All the necessary approvals have been obtained, work has already begun, and it is hoped that it will be completed some time in 1958.

Before reaching a final decision on this further stage we were at pains to take the best possible advice that we could obtain in the United States.

IMPROVED RESULTS

The improvement in our results is gratifying, as it confirms our early belief that the very large expansion in our plant and the heavy cost involved would in fact be amply justified. The major increase in profits arises from the Parent Company, and has been brought about by favourable trading conditions, by increased production and by better operating efficiency in the new units as their operators have gained in knowledge and experience.

The Subsidiary Companies have also contributed their share, and I am glad to be able to tell you that our main Subsidiary, Shelton Iron, Steel and Coal Company, Limited, at Stoke-on-Trent, has had a most successful year, although unfortunately it has not been possible entirely to satisfy the demands of all its valued customers. The demand for bricks (the product of our Subsidiary, The Castle Fire Brick Company, Limited, of Northop, Flintshire) has not been at quite such a high level in the North Wales area as in previous years, but our various brick works have maintained their position.

Owing to a number of unique advantages which we are so fortunate as to possess I have great faith in the future prospects of the Company, but I trust that Shareholders will not expect too much in the way of higher dividends during the period of rapid expansion. It has always been our aim to try to keep the Company in a leading position in our section of the industry, and to keep it in an up-to-date and efficient condition. We shall endeavour to meet the requirements of our customers, to provide security of employment under the best possible conditions for our employees, and to increase the value of our undertaking for our Shareholders.

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

(WORSTED SPINNERS)

EXTREMELY HEALTHY ORDER BOOKS

The 36th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Co., Ltd., was held on January 25 in Bradford, The Right Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, P.C., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following are extracts from his circulated statement:—

The Trading Profit and Investment Income for the year less interest charges amount to £459,497.

Group Current Assets exceed Current Liabilities by £3,962,370.

The year under review was one of declining wool prices. Despite this decline in prices, business came along in adequate volume to keep all our mills as fully employed as they could be with the present labour shortage.

The order books at all our Branches are extremely healthy on the shorter delivery dates which became established almost a year ago. The revival in the hosiery trade has been very welcome, in increasing our sales of white yarns, and the export demand for the cloth made from our coloured yarns is very gratifying. There is still a foreign demand for high class British craftsmanship and the prospects for the finer end of the trade seem to be bright.

The wool selling season is almost half way through and demand appears to be broadening in all Centres. Australian and South African wool prices have in the main reached their highest point of the season so far.

This revival of interests in wool cannot be attributed to exceptional activity in any one consuming country. It is rather that the general demand has widened and appears to be widening still further.

Addressing the meeting, the Chairman said:—

Since writing this Statement, I am happy to say that our Order Books have continued to show a very satisfactory position, sales having been at a rather higher rate than our production. Although all our mills have been working as fully as is possible with the present shortage of workers to which I have referred, this has reduced our output somewhat below what would be the possible maximum.

Although the outlook is thus very good, I must draw attention to the fact that if the Strike in the Australian docks, which began a few days ago, should continue, it would seriously affect our supplies of raw material and would have grave consequences for Bradford and the Wool industry generally.

The report was adopted.

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stories in the book, and there might have been more if the author's attitude towards his grander customers—headed, inevitably, by Queen Mary—had been less consistently respectful. The pleasantest descriptions are those of Mr. Way and his fellow-dealers relaxing after a good day's work at the sales: the Bristol Delft and the Sheraton *bonheurs du jour* once crated, "Major Still, who had brought his banjo, sang some negro minstrel songs; Dicky Bird gave some clever Dickens studies from his repertoire, and sang several limericks about individuals present, which I had written." No wonder Mr. Way thought so little of his successors in the trade, those "drawling young men in Jaguar cars" who came in with the Regency revival.

P. W.

The Supreme Court in the American System of Government. By ROBERT H. JACKSON. *Harvard : Oxford.* 16*s.*

Mr. Justice Jackson prepared these lectures but died before he could deliver them at Harvard. In them he argued that the U.S. Supreme Court cannot keep alive unless, in Mr. Dooley's classic phrase, "it follows the election returns"; that the Court is overburdened with jurisdiction cases that belong more properly to state rather than federal courts; that a justice who dissents too often is only confessing his weakness; and that the Court cannot ultimately guarantee liberty if the legislatures are determined to restrict it. Each of these is an important theme, and Mr. Justice Jackson's comments are interesting, for he was one of the most individualist of the nine men serving on the Court at the time when he died.

English readers, however, may be surprised to find how little (or how much) the Court actually does. In one term, for instance, there were 1,452 cases in which review was sought by appeal or certiorari, yet only 119 were allowed. The Court does not admit appeals simply to give litigants another chance: its review is limited to cases which raise questions about the uniformity or justice of federal law. And even these cases may be restricted to two or three hours of argument, it being left to each justice to decide how long he will spend going over the printed briefs and records. This book is clearly written, and it is not too technical. It contains the amusing admission by Mr. Justice Jackson that he did not know, offhand, what the Ninth Amendment was, and that after looking it up he was no wiser.

N. M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,354

Set b Giles Overreach

The usual prizes are offered for an unprovoked attack by Lucky Jim on Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Limit, 200 words; entries by Feb. 14.

Result of No. 1,351

Set by Leigh Mercer

Competitors are invited to concoct a conversation between two lifemen, to be memorized beforehand and spoken at a party, with a view to raising the prestige of both speakers.

Report

Professors, champion athletes, Lime Grove, literary parties—Stephen Potter's ears must have been burning away all last week. P. Holtby began splendidly, but, alas, he ruined his chances with a banality in the sixth line.

I liked John Digby's Faubourg, Leslie Johnson's Maharaja, Guy Kendall's convicts, A. W. Dickers's stage folk and Esmé Kelly's Knightsbridge matrons. All these were good runners-up. A guinea each to E. Timperley and H. J. R.; and half a guinea each to G. C., O. B. J., and Guy Hadley.

1st Lifeman.: I said to him, Tony, old chap, you must know by now that the masses are never satisfied. They'll clamour for blood if they find the cakes stale and the ale sour.

2nd Lifeman: Any other Eden, in fact! Told the Old Man the same thing. Had a perfectly filthy journey to the airport to say goodbye before he left for the Riviera. He looked at me blandly as one of those Buddha chaps. I begged him—almost went down on my knees—begging him to do *something!* You're the only man who *can*, I said.

1st L.: Sorry I couldn't make it as well. Had a meeting with Old Snuff and Buff.

2nd L.: How did it go?

1st L.: So so. Had to be firm, of course. I think sometimes that brass hats have brass heads under 'em. . . .

E. TIMPERLEY

A.: "Barefoot to Rome," he said.

B.: Stiff Sentence!

A.: He said he knew only one case besides Tannhäuser's—*yours* obviously—and there were extenuating circumstances. *What* circumstances?

B.: Well my affair was really a mistake.

A.: You thought it was Marilyn Monroe?

B.: No. I knew who it was. But I didn't do it deliberately. Just ran my car into a tree by the Wartburg autobahn. When I woke up there she was. I couldn't rush away without a word of thanks and one thing just led to another. *Your* case—

A.: "A deliberate scheme of infamy," he called it. But after all I was *sent* to Germany; and anyone might whistle Wagner on a country walk.

B.: You'll be able to whistle his entire works on your next walk dear Boy. I'll think of you—at Compostella.

A.: Compostella?

B.: I'm doing a fortnight washing pilgrims' feet there.

A.: I'd rather take Rome.

H. J. R.

A.: Have you seen *Godot* again recently?

B.: Only two or three times. But it's merely one of Sam's *pièces rosées.*

A.: How true. What a pity we are unable to see any of the major canon.

B.: *Quelle heure est-il Monsieur Kelly.*

A.: Or even *Neither Nor.*

B.: You could have seen that at the Zagreb Festi val.

A.: I can never get away in December. I have the annual Honours-List grind.

B.: Actually you didn't miss much. The Serbo-Croat translation was very idiosyncratic.

G. C.

Brancepeth: You're looking very fit and brown. Riviera again, I suppose—or was it your sun-tan lamp?

Collins: I thought you knew. Bokhara is noted for its wonderful summers. You never got that far, did you?

B.: I prefer the unexplored side of the border.

C.: I did catch a rumour of your presence—bad news travels fast.

B.: Oh, the old chief's illness. A few simple medicines from my store and, well, the rites of blood-brotherhood are rather interesting.

C.: They look a little deeper in what we call the Interior. Still, I can be sure of a welcome when I go back—pity we won't be seeing you.

B.: I'll have your tent pitched if you send it ahead with a bearer.

O. B. J.

LARGER THAN LIFE

Stephen: Home, sweet home. . . . White women and dry martinis . . . and a month ago we were lost in that perishing jungle.

Potter: I'm still lost without my beard. Had any more fever? You were raving mad for ten days.

S.: I know. Isn't it wonderful just to sit back and watch commercial television? I notice you're still limping from that poisoned arrow.

P.: Remember when the canoe overturned? Those crocodile jaws opening . . . If you hadn't fired just in time. . . .

S.: Pure fluke, old boy. I'll never forget how you hypnotised that witch-doctor, when the cannibals got us.

P.: Nothing to it. Just a trick I learned at the London School of Economics. Phew, these cocktail parties! It's getting me down already.

S.: Me too. Africa calls and all that. We must go back.

P.: Carried unanimously. Go and get a taxi.

GUY HADLEY

The Chess Board

No. 330. Blissful Blunder

The blunders—as Tartakower wisely observed—are all there, they're just waiting to be made. Even grandmasters, fortunately, are not immune, and that's how one of our own ladder-heroes, A. J. Roycroft, was spared the humiliation of going down to Keres in a mere seven moves of a recent simultaneous exhibition. (1) P-K4, P-K4. (2) P-KB4, P x P. (3) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3. (4) P-K5, Kt-R4. (5) Q-K2, P-KKt3? (6) P-Q4, B-Kt2. (7) Kt-B3?? By P-KKt4, of course, Keres could have won at once. Anyway, after this miraculous escape Roycroft played a steady game and got a draw, as well deserved as the chess-book token I am going to send him. Another one, equally well deserved, goes to C. Allen who (in the Counties Correspondence match for the Ward-Higgs trophy) suffocated his opponent almost as ruthlessly as Nimzowitsch did in his "immortal *zugzwang* game."

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(15)	Kt-R3	Q-Kt3
(2)	Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(16)	K-R1	R-B2
(3)	P-KKt3	P-KKt3	(17)	R-B1	B-Kt2
(4)	B-Kt2	B-Kt2	(18)	Kt(2)-Kt1	Kt-K2
(5)	P-Q3	P-K3	(19)	Kt-B3	P-Q4
(6)	KKt-K2	KKt-K2	(20)	P-K5	Kt-B4
(7)	O-O	Kt-Q5	(21)	Q-B2	P-Kt5
(8)	B-K3	Kt(2)-B3	(22)	Kt-QKt1	R(1)-B1
(9)	B x Kt	P x B	(23)	KR-K1	P-QR4
(10)	Kt-Kt5	P-Q3	(24)	P-Kt3	B-QR3
(11)	P-KB4	P-QR3	(25)	KR-Q1	Kt-K6
(12)	Kt-R3	O-O	(26)	R-Q2	B-B1
(13)	Kt-B4	R-R2	(27)	Kt-K1	B-Kt4
(14)	Q-K1	P-QKt4	(28)	P-QR4?	P x P e.p.

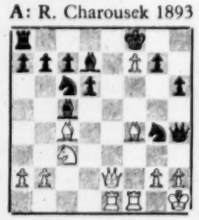
Here White resigned. His last move, of course, was a blunder, but he was hopelessly tied up anyway.

A dashing little game was sent in by C. G. Hilton who claims to have been inspired by the Makarczyk-Sliva game published here a few weeks ago.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14)	Kt-Q2	P-K5
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(15)	KKt-Kt1	Kt-K4
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(16)	B-B1	B-R6!
(4)	Q-Kt3	Kt-B3	(17)	P x P	R x P!
(5)	Kt-B3	P-Q3	(18)	Kt x R	B x Kt ch
(6)	P-KKt3	P-K4	(19)	K-Q1	Kt-Q6
(7)	P x P	P x P	(20)	B x Kt	P x B
(8)	B-Kt5	P-QR4	(21)	Q-Kt1	B-Kt5 ch
(9)	P-K3	P-KR3	(22)	K-B1	Q x P
(10)	B x Kt	Q x B	(23)	Q-Kt3	P-Q7 ch
(11)	B-Kt2	P-R5	(24)	K-Kt1	B-B4 ch
(12)	Q-B2	B-KB4	(25)	Kt-B2	Q-K8 ch
(13)	Q-B1	P-R6			

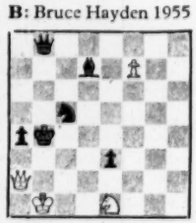
White resigned here (and not a moment too soon).

A: R. Charousek 1893

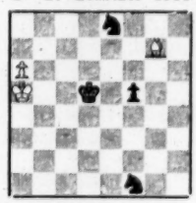


The (uncommonly easy) 4-pointer for beginners is a game position. How did White force the win very dashingly? **B** and **C** are both wins for White and as home-made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week, the former being Bruce Hayden's first attempt at study composition. It shouldn't be too difficult for 6 ladder-points. **C** was sent in by one of our Budapest readers and it should be a bargain for 7 points if I add the useful hint that the main variation leads to a neat *zugzwang* position.

B: Bruce Hayden 1955



C: G. Graetzer 1955



Usual prizes. Entries by February 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 327. Set January 7

A: (1) R x Kt ch, P x R. (2) Q x Kt6 ch, P x Q. (3) B x P mate.
B: (1) R-B8, Q-K4. (2) Q queens, Q x Q. (3) R x Q, Kt-B5. (4) R-Kt8 ch. K x P. (5) R-Kt3 ch, etc.
If (1) ... Kt-B5! (2) P queens, Q x R. (3) Q-B7! Q-Q2. (4) Q-Q6, Q-K3. (5) Q-K5, etc.
C: (1) P-K6, R-Kt4. (2) R-K8 ch, K-Kt2. (3) P-K7, R-K4 ch. (4) K-Q4 ! R-K8. (5) R-Q8 ! ! R x P. (6) K-B4, R x KtP. (7) R-Q7, ch., etc.
If (6) ... K-B2. (7) R-Q2, etc.

A good many stumped (or partly so) by **B** and/or **C**. Even so about a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. R. Harman, L. J. Jackson, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg. While I am abroad in February and March, entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday 2nd delivery.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for traineeships for sub-editorial posts in Foreign Services News Department. Candidates preferably under 30 and of University standard must have good knowledge of international affairs and enthusiasm for writing world news with simplicity and accuracy for foreign listeners. Training salary according to qualifications not less than £725 p.a. After training period varying with suitability of candidate, successful candidates should in competition graduate to sub-editorial posts in grade £975 to £1,280 max. with possibility of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1511 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

AUSTRALIA.—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in English Literature. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A1,800-£A2,150 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£A26 men, £A20 women), with annual increments of £A70. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is February 25, 1956.

LONDON County Council. City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, W.C.2. Applications are invited from men and women for the post of full-time Principal. The City Literary Institute provides, mainly in the evenings, part-time non-vocational adult education, in literature, modern languages, history, philosophy, music and the arts. Good honours degree and wide experience of teaching and organisation essential. Salary scale £1,415×£50—£1,565 (men); £1,212 17s.-£1,565 (women) plus London allowance. Application forms from Education Officer (F.E.3), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by February 10 (11).

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Edmonton Child Guidance Centre require second full-time Educational Psychologist. Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent with recognised clinical training and teaching experience in English schools essential. Salary Soulbury II: £915×£25—£1,115 (men); £815×£20—£965 (women, plus "equal pay" adjustment). Suitably exper'd candidates may be appntd. above the minimum of scale. Permanent post, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N.18, returnable by February 10. (Quote S.204 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to the Education Committee, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

SOCIAL Welfare Officer required to develop social and recreational activities for the mining communities in the Kent coalfield, embracing 4 large collieries of 7,000 men. Organising and administrative ability required. Commencing sal. £850 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Applications in writing to Joint Honorary Secretaries, Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, 1-3 Waterloo Crescent, Dover, Kent, within fourteen days of this advertisement.

CHILD Welfare. London County Council requires qualified and experienced Child Welfare Officers for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary £573 15s. rising to £742 10s. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care and other field work associated with deprived children. Full details and application form (s.a.e., f'scap) from Children's Officer, C.H./E.1, County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date Feb. 20. (111).

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. initially for Edmonton Child Guidance Centre. Should hold M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent. P.T.A. salary. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap env.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Brettenham Rd., Edmonton, N.18, returnable by February 10. (Quote S.202 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Labour Party. Applications are invited for the post of National Youth Officer. Salary commences at £550 p.a. and rises by six annual increments of £25 to £700. Forms of application and particulars can be obtained from the National Agent, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to whom they must be returned not later than February 13, 1956.

CHURCH of England Newspaper reqs. woman editorial sec., grad. pref. Scope for initiative. Editor, 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility — Deputy Headmistress, Hurlingham School, Peterborough Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Applications invited for appointment as Deputy Headmistress of this new Secondary School for about 1,500 girls, to be opened in September, 1956. Burnham (London) Scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for girls, up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to G.C.E. (O and A levels) with special provision for courses in basic catering, commerce and prenursing. Applicants should have good qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience and an interest in the whole field of secondary education. It is hoped that the Deputy Headmistress will be able to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Application forms EO/TS10 (Hurlingham Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by February 10, 1956. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have no particulars to add may apply on form TS10.B. (146.)

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Peripatetic Music Teacher. Applications are invited for the post of a full-time peripatetic string music teacher. It is hoped to appoint a teacher with successful teaching experience in violin classes and instrumental work. Candidates should hold the Teacher's Certificate awarded following a course of training at a Teacher's Training College or have completed a course at a College of Music which is accepted for the payment of the qualified rate of salary under the Burnham Scale. The teacher appointed will be required to visit schools of all types where instrumental teaching is required. An additional fixed (unpensionable) £60 per annum will be paid towards travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. Application forms (with further particulars) may be obtained (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, and should be returned not later than February 8, 1956.

LONDON County Council. Occupational Therapists (whole-time or part-time) required for the provision of diversional therapy for patients suffering from tuberculosis who are "home-bound" in North London. Experience in hospital or domiciliary work desirable. Whitley Council senior occupational therapist salary. Application forms (returnable by February 8) and particulars from Divisional Medical Officer, 53 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1. (115)

ASSISTANT Secretary required for Surrey County Officers' Branch of the National and Local Government Officers' Association. Salary £445 p.a. with annual increments, subject to satisfactory service, of £25, to maximum of £530. Duties include shorthand (preferably Pitman's), typewriting, stencilling, keeping of simple accounts, regular handling of large sums of money, and routine work of a large branch, for the most part without supervision; attendance at one evening meeting a month. 5-day week, hours 9.30-5.30 Monday to Friday. Applications, stating age, experience and present occupation to: The Secretary, NALGO, 73a, The Bittoms, Kingston-on-Thames, not later than Feb. 13.

DESIGN Research Unit have vacancy for young graphic/display designer. Training essential, some experience preferable. Write to the Business Manager, 37 Park St., W.1.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £240—£265 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now: The Matron, Joyce Green Gen. Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

HOUSE-Mother required to take charge of a Children's Home in a group of four near Epping, accommodating eleven boys and girls. Must have had previous experience or training. Salary £350—£410 a year, according to experience, plus £15 if Child Care Certificate held, less £108 for emoluments, including own bedroom. Adequate help provided. Good holidays and off-duty time. Apply immediately Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SYNAGOGUE in W. London reqs. pt.-time typist, gd. at figures. Write, giving hours avail. & salary expected to Box 2508.

BRAZIERS house team has vacancy for member with domestic experience to help run house on integrative lines. Apply Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ARCHÆOLOGY, Institute of, London University, Inner Circle, N.W.1, require junior assistant (female) in administrative offices. Particulars from Secretary.

BRITISH Film Institute has a vacancy for a senior officer. Leadership, executive capacity and ability to lecture essential. Details from Secretary, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 1642.

TRAVEL Service reqs. additional staff: personal assistant with good sh.-typing, pref, also in German, and experienced accountant. Applics. in handwriting. Box 2583.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PHŒNIX Gallery requires assistant (young or older) in bookcase and picture showroom. Some experience and knowledge an advantage, but intelligence and pleasant manner important. Write 38 William IV St., Charing Cross.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY Work (days, weeks, months) for expd. Secs., Sh/typs., C/typs. and Clks. 10 to 5. No Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secr. posts for educ. yng. women. 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, E.C.2 & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

UNIV. grad. (34), B.Sc. (Econ.) (Sociology) & L.R.A.M. (Piano) seeks post where these quals. may be of use. Box 2535.

FELLOWSHIPS

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A. may be £2,000, subject to income tax. Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO.WA/14), The County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. foolscap), for return by March 1, 1956. (92.)

PERSONAL

LORD Hailsham appealed urgently for your support in his broadcast on Sunday last (B.B.C. "Week's Good Cause"). Have you sent your gift? 10s. provides 120 hot meals for war-orphans. Send now to Viscount Hailsham, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

VIENNESE lady, experienced, enthusiastic, patient, teaches her native language to beginners or advanced pupils, individually or in small groups. Box 2469.

A PART-TIME Occupation by Writing or Drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

EASTER in Italy: Florence—Pisa—Siena—Rome: 15 days, 35gns.; or Florence—Pisa—(Siena): 11 days, 29gns. Dpt. March 28, July 28, and August 26. Also Art Tour of Venice and Florence regions 40gns., dpt. July 28. Details (s.a.e. please), E. T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

WINTER Sports. We can still include a few additional members on our Winter Sports parties to Switzerland or Austria. Weekly departures. Cost from 25½gns. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

OFF the Beaten Track in 1956. We have planned a series of unusual holidays, with a spice of adventure about them. Exploring the Dalmatian Islands by Fishing Boat. . . . Camping tour of Southern Greece. . . . Canoeing on the Danube. . . . Walking tours in the Julian Alps and Karawanken. . . . Climbing in the Tyrol and Switzerland. . . . Walking the "King's Trail" through Arctic Lapland. . . . Unconventional sightseeing tours in Sicily, the Italian Islands, Portugal, etc. . . . More information obtainable from Ramblers' Assoc. Services, Ltd., 48 (C7) Park Road, N.W.1.

CANAL cruising for peace and quiet. New 2/5-berth fully equipped, clean & comfortable cruisers for hire. Brochure from Canal Pleasurecraft (S), Stourport, Worcs.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Torremolinos (Malaga), Tossa. A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns., all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the Fr. Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s TV armchair traveller, writes "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why by writing or phoning for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps to Dept. 4E, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

TRAVEL in France. Move freely and fluently after a course of "Basic Conversational French"—the "Daily Express" learn-in-a-hurry, revolutionary new language course. Two long-playing, 33⅓ r.p.m. records plus 400-page, illustrated, bound text book. Only £4 10s. complete. Send cheque or write for leaflet. "Daily Express" Language Course, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

TYPEWRITER for hire or sale. Not portable. Box 2620.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS By Air with a non-profit organisation. Norway, Oslo, 14 days, 40 gns.; Italy, Rome, 15 days, 41gns. French Riviera, Cannes, 15 days, 44gns.; Majorca, Palma, 15 days, 39gns. Full details of these and other wonderful holidays are contained in our illustrated brochure. Obtainable free from Y.T.C. Universal, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 47-49, Lime Street, Liverpool.

MAJORCA, Ibiza, Costa Brava, etc., 15 days from £33. Free guide and programme now ready from New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105. Escorted journey. Independent holiday by rail (short sea route), coach, air. Special arrangements Easter. Book now.

SEE Greece & Yugoslavia. Grand coach tour of Yugoslavia visiting Switzerand, Austria, Slovenia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Montenegro and N. Italy. 17 days by rail and luxury coach: 50gns. 15 days by air and luxury coach: 61gns. 15-day 3 countries cruise visiting Venice, Istanbul, Athens, Brindisi, Naples and Rome: 65gns. 18-day comprehensive tour to Athens and Greek Islands via Venice and Brindisi by s.s. Mediterranean: By rail and sea, 79gns.; by air and sea, 89gns. Send to-day for free illustrated brochure. Apal Travel, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

AU pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Fairly bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing to help their children with the State Exam. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PROFESSED and intending World Citizens should write to Secretary General, Commonwealth of World Citizens, 11 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8, for brochure, "A New People for a New World," 1s. post free.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 4221 or RIC. 3286.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

PLEASANT Chelsea square: 2 rooms interleading, din./kit., bed/sit., own landing, tel., share bath with 1 other. £4 10s. 5-room flat available March. Box 2517.

CHELSEA. Comfortable, large, furnished double bedsitting room. Suit business or professional couple. FLAxman 9515.

ONE newly dec., well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. C.H., all con., ckg. facs. Well-connected. MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

MAN offd. pleas. rm. in ant's. flat nr. Hyde Pk. Kit., tel., bath. Rest. Box 2609.

ARTIST/Teacher urgently needs studio in London. If necessary, inexpensive Waterloo rooms offered in exch. WATerloo 3884.

BACHELOR, 28, sociable, seeks accom. S. London or N. Kent. Willing to share. Interests: Literature, music, art. Box 2518.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

KENSINGTON. Furn. flat. Large recep. (dbl. div.). Dbl. bedrm., k. & b. Avail. Mar. 3-6 mths. 10gns. p.w. Box 2618.

WANTED, a roof. Young couple, expecting child, wish to rent a house, flat, houseboat, caravan, cottage or cave, London area, at a reasonable rent. Furnished or unfurnished. Box 2509.

JOURNALIST and wife, Hampstead born and bred, trying against odds to find unfurnished home there. PRI. 3254.

WANTED, March/April, unfurn. s/c. flat, 1-2 rms., k. & b., 1 careful ten., mod. rent. N.W.3, N.W.8 area pref. Box 2483.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy."—Evg. Stand.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Darkling Child." Mems.

UNITY: Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

"THE Magic Pipe." A Play reading for children. Produced by Donald Bisset. Sunday, Feb. 5, 3 p.m. Adults 2s. 6d, children 1s. S.C.R., 14, Kensington Square, W.8.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Feb. 5: Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles" (X). From Feb. 6: Clair Season. "A Nous La Liberté" (U).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345, Feb. 5, The Last Bridge (A). Johnny Eager (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. Feb. 4. Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" (U). 1.15, 3.30, 6, 8.30. Open to public.

ART Film Show arranged by Finsbury Art Group and Finsbury Library Services. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells), Monday, Feb. 6, 8.15. Non-members 1s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Feb. 4, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday afternoon, 3 p.m., Feb. 5. In the presence of H.E. the German Ambassador, The Anglo-German Association presents A. Heine Feier to commemorate the 100th Anniversary of Heine's death. Introduction by Stephen Spender. Dichterliebe by Schumann. Hans Hotter, Gerald Moore. Quartet in E flat (Op. 127), Beethoven. Loewenguth Quartet. Management: Lies Askonas. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Boyd Neel Orchestra. Thurston Dart, Ralph Downes. Wednesdays at 5.45, February 8-March 7. Bach-Handel programmes. WATerloo 3191.

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Feb. 4, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

SEBASTIAN Singers, Cond. Francis Oakes. Bach Cantatas 21 & 105. Schubert Mass in G. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Feb. 4, 8 o.c. Programmes 3s 6d. from 8 Pilgrims Lane, N.W.3., or Hall on night of concert. In aid of Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

SUNDAYS at 3, Wigmore Hall. Feb. 5: Adila Fachiri, violin. Mozart, Handel, Bach Sonata 1 (unacc.), &c. Feb. 12: Mercedes Olivera, harpsichord. 10s., 6s., 3s. at Hall (WEL. 2141). Mgt. N. Choveaux.

ROSTROPOVITCH. The S.C.R. present for the first time in England Russia's Finest Cellist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Hugo Rignold. Programme inc. Dvorak's Cello Concerto, Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony. Sat., March 3, at 8 p.m., at the Royal Festival Hall, WAT. 3191. 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.

THE famous Norwegian composer Harald Saeverud will talk on his life and works. Followed by recital and first performances by Malcolm Troup the Canadian pianist, Feb. 6, 7.45, Festival Hall Recital Room. Arranged by the Anglo-Norse Society and the Norwegian Embassy. Tickets Box Office. Anglo-Norse Club Nights Thurs., Feb. 2 and 9, refrs. from 6 o'c., Flat 3, 59 Hyde Park Gate (next door to de Vere Hotel) S.W.7.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. La Jeune Peinture de Paris—last day Feb. 4. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Opening Feb. 9, Fontanarosa.

TATE Gallery. Modern Art in the United States. Weekdays 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm. free. Closes Feb. 12.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum. Anglo-Jewish Art & History 1656-1956. Dly. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Until Feb. 29. 1s., Sat. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55), 10.30-6. Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Drawings by Else Meidner. Until Feb. 11. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Variations in Red. Adler, Manessier, Mathew Smith, Sutherland and others. Gallery open 11 to 6 incl. Sats.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Edward Middleditch. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Parliamentary Control of Subordinate Legislation" will be given by Sir Cecil Carr at 5 p.m. on Feb. 14 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Emblematic Aspect of Vondel's Tragedies as the Key to their Interpretation" will be given by Professor W. A. P. Smit (Utrecht) at 5.15 p.m. on Feb. 14 at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

MANCHESTER, Cheetham Public Hall, Sunday, February 5, 8 p.m. Show your solidarity with Israel at a Mass Demonstration. Speakers: Harold Lever, M.P., Ald. Leslie Lever, M.P., Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P., K. Zilliacus, M.P. Chair.: Frank Allaun, M.P., Org. by Manchester Poale Zion.

"NO Munich in the Middle East!" Public Demonstration, Small Hall, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1 (opp. Kings X Tube Stn.), Sunday, February 5, 8 p.m. Speakers: Anthony Greenwood, M.P., Lena Jeger, M.P. (both M.P.s have just returned from Israel), Dr. S. Levenberg. Chair.: Sidney Goldberg. Admission free, all welcome. Organised by Poale Zion-Jewish Socialist Labour Party, 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1. MUSeum 4702/3.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in Library on Tues., Feb. 7, at 7.15. John Stonehouse, "Development of Human and Material Resources." Adm. free. Collection.

"PSYCHOTHERAPY as a Clue to Living," by Oscar Kõllerström, 8 p.m., Tues., Feb. 7. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, Feb. 5, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse, Edith Adlam, "Darkness and Light."

"ISRAEL'S Demographic Problems." Speaker: H.E. The Ambassador of Israel. On Tuesday, February 14, at 8 p.m., at the Royal Society of Arts, 8 John Adam St., W.C.2. Chairman: Mr. S. S. Hammersley. Admission free. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

"CYPRUS: the Solution," Wed., Feb. 8 at 7 p.m., Central Hall, Westminster. Spkrs.: Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, P.C., Q.C., M.P., Donald Wade, M.P., Manuela Sykes. Chairman: Iain Colquhoun. Adm. free. Org. by International Committee, National League of Young Liberals.

DONALD Ford, "The Deprived Child and the Community." Feb. 5, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. Free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"BAROQUE Austria" and "Viennese Art and Architecture of the Ringstrasse Period," 2 illustrated lectures by Dr. Ernst Buschbeck, Wed., Feb. 8, Thurs., Feb. 9, at 7.30; Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tickets 4s. (Students 2s.) from Anglo-Austrian Soc., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003; and at door.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Feb. 8, 6.30. Public Lecture, "The Practice of Meditation for Beginners," Mrs. M. H. Robins. Read "The Middle Way." 2s. 6d. quarterly. Infm.: EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., February 11. Mme. Michèlle-Andrée (Alliance Française): "Légendes, Jeux et Traditions de Noël en Provence."

ASPECTS of Yoga Talks ev. Sat. 2.30, Feb. 11, "The Religion of Yoga." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Feb. 10, 8.30, Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, "Men of the Trees." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

"CRIMINAL Law & Procedure in the Soviet Union." Lect. by visiting Soviet Prof. S. A. Golunsky. Tu. Feb. 7, 7.30. Adm. 1s. 6d. (mems. 1s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

NEW Generation Humanist Discussion Grp. Burgh House, Well Walk, N.W.3 (nr. Hampstead Tube). Mondays at 8. Feb. 6, E. Burchett (Adlerian). Feb. 13, M. Quass "Anglo-Soviet Relns." Feb. 20, W. Alexander "Posture & Movement." Vis. welc.

BRITISH Phrenological Society Inc., public meeting. Subject: "Your Questions on Phrenology Answered." 2.30, Sat., Feb. 11. Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4. Admission free. Silver collection.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thursday, 7.30, "Gita." All welcome.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., Feb. 3, 8 p.m. Dr. N. Zernov: "Russian Religious Thinkers of 20th Century." Fri., Feb. 10, 8 p.m., John Fernald (Principal, R.A.D.A.), "Contemporary Russian Theatre."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Thurs., Feb. 9, 8.15, 2nd in series of lectures on Validation of Modern Psychology entitled "The Validation Problem in Jungian Psychology" by Dr. A. Plaut. Chair: Dr. Michael Fordham. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

WED., Feb. 8. Come and spend an evening in the traditions and customs of a French family. Central Lit., Vienna Café, Baker St., W.1. 8.15 p.m. Vis. welcome.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thursday, February 9, "The Noble Character." Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Utility & Welfare" will be given by Dr. I. M. D. Little (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on Feb. 13 and 20 at the London School of Economics & Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Some Thoughts on the Classic Ideal in Sculpture. (i) Antiquity; (ii) The Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Century" will be given by Mr. Bernard Ashmole (Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum) at 5.30 p.m. on February 14 and 16 at University College (Architecture Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time Course commencing October, 1956. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a degree or certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than March 1, 1956 (February 28, 1956 for overseas applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2, where the course will be held.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1956-1957 begins Monday, October 1, 1956. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Applications for admission should be made before June 1. Pamphlet and form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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